Saturday Review

JULY 30, 1960 / 25¢

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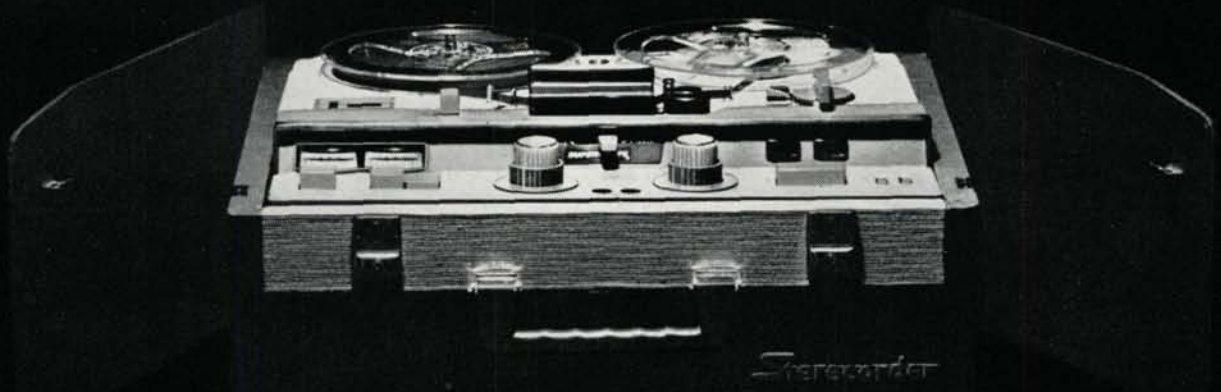

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The SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N.Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLIII. No. 31, July 30, 1960. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature."

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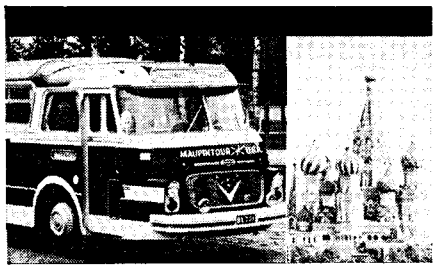

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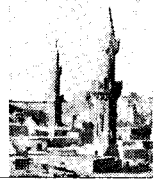

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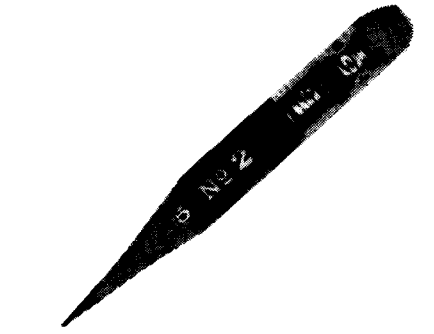

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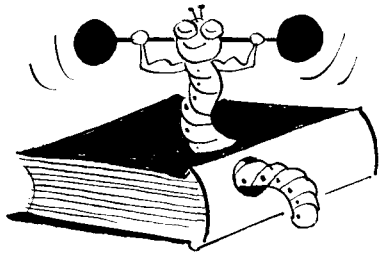
TRADE Winds

"IT'S LIKE POSSIBLE," writes Marjorie Bailey Williams, "that this new way of talk isn't just beatnik but Elizabeth-nik."

She's been reading "Henry V," wherein quoth Harry to his men:

"Now, lords, for France; the
enterprise whereof
Shall be to you as us, like glorious."

THE HEALTHIEST AUTHOR I've ever seen is a fellow named Vic Tanny. He's forty-eight years old, looks ten years



younger, has a pair of shoulders like *this*—and a slim waist like *this*. His handsome face is tanned, his blue eyes are smiling, and his hair is properly flecked with gray. His hand surrounds yours when he shakes it, but he doesn't squeeze, I am pleased to say.

The reason Tanny is so healthy is that he owns about sixty gymnasiums around the country where eager men and women go all the time to put themselves in shape in a hurry. He is never too far away from one of these plush establishments, and he manages to work out three times a week himself.

When he's not exercising and managing, he's working on a book which Random House will publish. It's geared to the low-key inspirational theme that characterizes Tanny.

"Actually," he told me, "I hate to talk about 'keeping fit,' because people resent it. Most people know they should eat sensibly and get plenty of exercise. They know about fruits and vegetables and proteins, and about not smoking or drinking or eating too many sweets. It's mainly a matter of getting them up and making them practise good habits."

The Tanny theory is that any exercise is good, but that Americans don't seem to have the time for it. The gymnasiums make it possible to get in the best shape in the shortest time. With the help of Random House, Tanny will make it possible for even bookworms to get into good condition. In the meantime, Mr. Tanny is the strongest author on the scene. Perhaps he couldn't take Dempsey, but he could easily put away Bob Considine and Bill Slocum.

TELLING THE STORY of his life in "The World of 'Mr. Sheraton'" (McKay), Ernest Henderson recalls his Latin class at Boston's Noble and Greenough School. Mr. Noble, approaching ninety, was one of the country's great authorities on the classics, and was still teaching Latin despite his faulty hearing.

He was unwilling to admit his infirmity, but it had been correctly diagnosed by some of the boys, especially Henderson's classmate John Davis. One day the elderly teacher asked Johnny to translate a certain paragraph of Cicero. The boy kept his eyes on the book, apparently following the text. With simulated hesitancy, he gave the details of a recent fishing trip.

Old Mr. Noble, watching the boy's lips, was pleased with the fluency of the translation.

"Well done, John," he said cheerfully, when the student sat down.

QUESTIONS I CAN'T ANSWER. "Who can appraise a first edition of Dr. Samuel Johnson's 'A Dictionary of the English Language, etc.' Two volumes, 1755?" The query comes from James C. Leonhart, 217 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore 2, Maryland.

Someone help poor Mr. Leonhart. He recently spent the equivalent of $30(

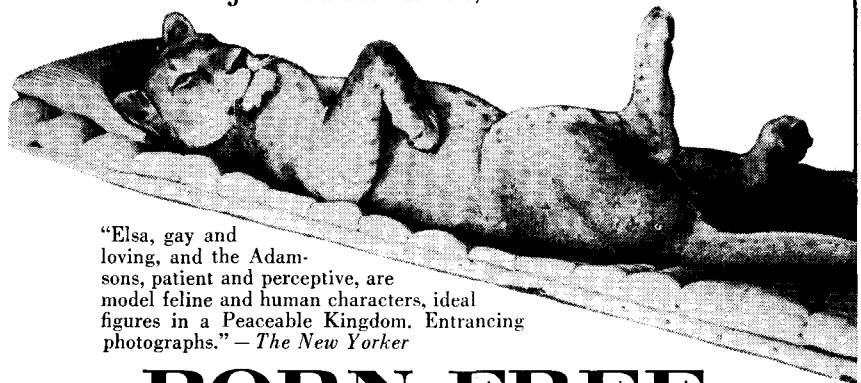
for the dictionary in London, bringing it back by jet. This wasn't easy; the two books weigh fifty pounds.

CORRESPONDENT John Morley tells us Boris Pasternak was the victim of foul play by the Kremlin. "I was the only reporter to get to him after his house arrest and persecution in 1959, until his death, reportedly of cancer, which I won't buy," he said.

Morley reported that Pasternak, "in our two-and-a-half-hour secret conversation behind some bushes in back of his home," told him to be suspicious if the novelist died.

"If you should ever hear of lingering illness, malignancy, or any un-

"Just about everybody seems to have fallen in love with a lady named Elsa. Joy Adamson tells Elsa's story, and an astonishing one it is...an entrancing account, abundantly illustrated with some of the best animal photographs you ever saw."
—JOHN K. HUTCHENS, N.Y. Herald Tribune



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natural decay of my bones, do not believe it, for I am in perfect health," Pasternak said.

READING Harold Seymour's book "Baseball" (Oxford), I find that there once was a time when "Kill the umpire!" was taken literally. "Mob him!" and "rotten egg him!" were also heard in the old, rowdy days. On a lot of occasions the umpires really would have been killed if it hadn't been for the police.

In 1884 a crowd of 2,000, including well-dressed men and handsome women who "forgot themselves," became a wild and uncontrollable rabble, attacking an umpire at the Polo Grounds in New York. There were things like this all the time, but sometimes the umpires fought back.

In Cincinnati one time, an umpire's brother jumped from the stands to help battle a mob, which rained beer mugs on the pair. It took the entire police force to rescue them. However, once umpire Tim Hurst picked up a beer glass and threw it back at the stands, injuring a fireman badly. He was arrested, tried, and fined $20. Another time, Billy McLean threw a bat at the jeering spectators and was arrested for assault.

KEEPING AN EYE on the International Society for General Semantics, Bill Fadiman of Hollywood tells me that the

San Francisco Chapter recently had a reception during a one-week seminar for students at S.F. State College. Fortune cookies were served, among other things.

Instead of the usual prognostications, however, these cookies contained semantically-oriented fortunes written by ISGS chapter members in charge of the reception. Examples:

"Workers unite! You have nothing to lose but your two-valued orientation."

"Don't get so close, baby, you're raising my electro-colloidal level."

"You've been looking at trapezoidal windows too long."

"In general semantics, you must establish Rapoport with the group."

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: Jim Drought knows of a lady in Brookfield, Illinois, who never throws anything away. She even has a cigar box labeled: "String Too Short to Use."

► A suburban home area five miles from Pittsburgh has been christened by the developer: "Ivory Towers."

► I'm itching to see one of those old-fashioned movies where the ushers will seat you at any time, and where it's okay to tell people the ending.

► Charles Campbell Hughes and his wife lived in Gambell, Alaska, so that he could study the inhabitants of the northernmost tip of an Alaskan island for his recently published "An Eskimo Village in the Modern World" (Cornell). The two anthropologists are now on their new assignment: four months in Nigeria and Liberia.

►Jean Birely of Ridgewood, New Jersey, after reading Marcia Davenport's new, best-selling novel, says it was mistitled. Should have been called "The Constant Scrimmage."

►Senator Dirksen has written more than 100 short stories and five novels, all unpublished.

► Ralph Bloomfield tells me of a dream in which he saw Thomas Gray sitting on a tombstone, sneezing, and composing "Allergy in a Country Churchyard."

► A chic occupation among a certain set in New York is to go to bad movies Saturday nights, a double feature if possible. Then you meet afterwards and all talk about how awful and laughable they were. The worst one seen so far by this group is one in which Jack Webb plays a newspaperman.

► At the ghastly hour of 7 A. M. the doorbell rang at a Minneapolis home. The mother found a very small friend of her small son waiting outside. "Jimmy hasn't had breakfast yet," she said. "Why don't you come back at 8:30?"

"I don't know when 8:30 is," said the kid, "so I guess I'll have to stay."

► Francis Howe testifies that a sign at the entrance to the cemetery in Litchfield, Ohio, reads: "No Digging Or Planting." —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1374)

P. B. MAGNUSON:
RING THE NIGHT BELL

I wish people, especially high school physical training directors and people at boys' camps, would recognize that a youngster over six feet tall cannot be as well muscled and strong as the young fellows of five-five to five-eight.

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Edited by Doris Nash Wortman

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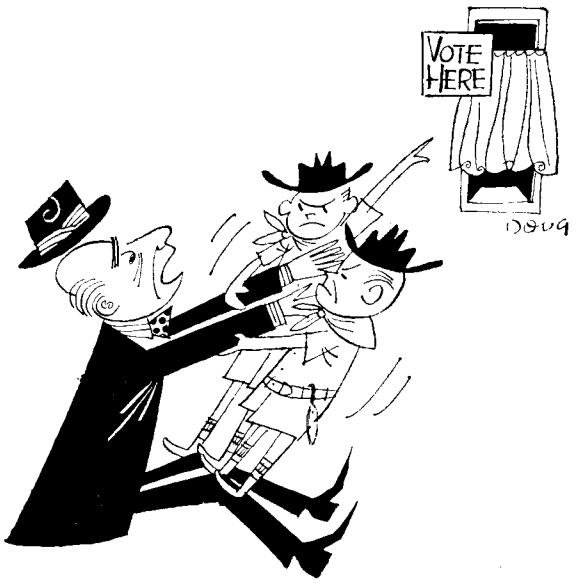
Saturday Review
JULY 30, 1960



SHOULD PEOPLE BE DRAGGED TO THE POLLS?

By ROBERT RIENOW and LEONA TRAIN RIENOW.
Mr. Rienow, professor of political science at the State University of New York in Albany, is the author of seven books on governmental affairs. His wife also collaborated with him on "Our New Life with the Atom," published in 1959.

WITH the election season at hand, the crusade against nonvoters will soon be in full swing. We shall turn loose every spare persuader, put them in command of legions of Boy Scouts to hang reminders on doorknobs, commandeer armies of housewives to ring doorbells in a nationwide attempt to root out every reluctant or indolent citizen. We shall all but mark the foreheads of the sinners who are too unpatriotic to cast a ballot for their country.

With the rousing slogan "Vote as you please—but vote!" we shall try to drag every apparently eligible voter to the polls in an attempt to delight the scorekeepers in a statistical cold-war battle. We would hobble our democratic process to gain a phony record and win a contest we should never have entered.

The best scholarly findings indicate that the nonvoter has good reason to stay at home—and that we are doing our public affairs no good by pressuring him, unless at the same time we help him remove his personal disabilities. It is time to stop needling the man who is sitting out the election.

Shamefacedly, we shall shortly be reminded that only 63 per cent of us take part in the election of a President; in an off-year election less than 45 per cent of us cast ballots for our candidates for Congress. By contrast, say the finger-waggers, Great Britain will coax almost 80 per cent of its eligible voters into fulfilling their destiny. The voting rate in France may hit 90 per cent, while 80 per cent of all eligible Italians come out (with some official baiting). The illiterate of India do even better than those of most other democracies.

And what of Russia, without whom, it has been laughingly remarked, we wouldn't know if we were "behind" or "ahead" in any of our activities? Their elections are approaching perfection. The last one, I believe, topped even Ivory Soap with a record of 99.98 per cent purity. This would be a good average for any human activity—even that of locating heirs to a fortune. The fact that Russians may vote on trains, on horseback, or even on Ferris wheels gives some validity to their enthusiastic arithmetic.

But what is appalling is not that the Russians should win in this numbers game, but that we should so unreservedly accept their conception of the significance of a vote. To them, casting a ballot is merely a symbolic act, a civic rite. Since voting has no direct relationship to Soviet decision-making, it is interpreted as a patriotic gesture—like removing one's hat when the flag goes by.

IN contrast, a democratic vote is a complex, sophisticated expression involving the judicious weighing of alternatives and the evaluation of effects. It is functional rather than symbolic. The ballot is a meaningful political instrument. It is as stupid to campaign to use it blindly as it would be to institute a "Make a Contract" week, or a "Write a Letter to Your Congressman" day. The reasonable man enters into a contract when he finds good and sufficient reason for doing so; he writes his Congressman when there is a definite purpose for such an act. Likewise, he should vote only when a cause, an interest, or an issue impels him to do so.

Before we wax hysterical over the "poor citizen" laggards, or wax lyrical over the "record turnout" at the hustings, perhaps we ought to take a good, sobering look at the stay-at-homes to discover just who it is our civic minutemen are urging to the polls. A Survey Research Center study in a Massachusetts community—the latest of a series—showed nonvoters to be civic wallflowers. They are inclined not to be members of any groups that might put them

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in touch with civic life; they appear to live on a different wave length from people interested in politics; they are consequently shockingly short on information. When questioned about their attitude on public issues, many more of the nonvoters are in the "I don't know" or "Undetermined" category.

When, even more recently, Professor Philip K. Hastings refined the findings of the "Pittsfield Project," he discovered among other things a significantly marked social withdrawal of the nonvoters. This typical behavior pattern emerged not because the nonvoters examined were poorer, or older, or less educated—these and other factors were held constant. The implication was that the nonvoter ensconces himself in such a deep rut that his horizon is at mud-level. Furthermore, it was shown that nonvoting, uncertainty, and shortage of information were not by-products of inadequate education; they were much more than that. The nonvoter is blind to what is going on about him—regardless of his background.

NONVOTERS, handed a list of eleven political questions of a general information type, such as "Who ran for President in 1956?" tallied up an average score of three. The voter group, with no more schooling and with comparable backgrounds, knocked down a seven score. Thus it appears that the nonvoter shows acute perspicacity on only one point—*not voting*.

Tentatively, research has indicated another characteristic of the typical citizen who doesn't bother to cast a ballot. He tends to demonstrate strong egocentricity; he is almost oblivious to anything but the most self-centered activities. The voter, on the other hand, usually displays a broad outlook that encompasses the world. Indeed, a foreign issue may often interest him more than a bread-and-butter question. The characteristic nonvoter will brighten considerably when the issue is brought down to a level with his pocketbook. On any higher plane, he presents a vacuous stare.

This, then, is the character we campaign so ardently to bring to the polls. The only favor he bestows upon his fellow citizens is the one we most berate him for—failure to vote.

There is another peculiarity of the consistent nonvoter. It has been found that he tends to rate himself a rung or two lower on the economic ladder than his position and income would warrant. (It is interesting to note here the British study by the London School of Economics and the British Opinion Poll which discovered that, while by and large all its subjects were vehement in their assertions that they voted in their class interests, very few of them actually knew to what class they belonged!)

The nonvoter, it is concluded, is a sorry figure—insecure and often inadequate. Yet it is from such persons that the bandwagon hustlers would borrow stability and good sense by whipping them to the polls in an outburst of civic emotion.

There is nothing cynical, snobbish, or uncharitable in the suggestion that we remove public pressure from the nonvoter. Nor does a citizen sacrifice his birthright by sitting out an election in which he has no interest. Not voting is not the same as being disenfranchised. When a group or class is arbitrarily denied the ballot, it is defenseless, stripped; it lacks its power of "massive retaliation" to any attack. The voting

potential, not necessarily its employment, is the deterrent against legislative abuse.

Nor is the nonvoter politically tethered or discounted because of his past armchair proclivities. Indeed, politicians are not pondering old returns; they are constructing new combinations of support for future elections. Therefore the nonvoter enjoys influence out of respect for what he *might* do should he broaden his interests enough to intervene in a polling.

Refraining from voting, then, is also a form of political expression; it emanates a subtle, brooding power. And until civic busybodies unhinged the system with vapid ballyhoo about voting "to get in the swim" or to impress benighted Africans with our democratic virility, it was a roughly measurable element. It was a yardstick of how dangerously near the politician was coming to unacceptable legislation. Its sudden fall was a warning that unpleasant tidings had reached the inner ear of the amorphous electoral gallery. To disturb this comatose element was to break a kind of "sound barrier."

But under artificial stimulation and cracked whips, the breakdown of the sleepers loses spontaneity and meaning. Leaders accustomed to probing the somewhat insensitive nonvoting mass for a nerve-end—something that would arouse and electrify them—are abruptly at a loss. Prognosticators who can read meanings into electorate behavior find the ground cut from under them. Legislators, wandering in the wilderness of political issues, scanning their electoral compass, suddenly witness the usually reliable compass finger twitching back and forth without meaning or direction.

INCITING participation of nonvoters for political reasons—for desired goals—is constructive. Awakening them to issues is the mission of democratic leadership. This should be applauded. Arousing sluggish electorate interest adds zest and meaning to campaigns; it adds tingling suspense. Moreover, the possibility of inspiring new blocs of voters with a cause affects public policy. No politician can be sure that this massing on the periphery of public affairs may not yet be goaded to express itself. Hapless Bryan, the Populists, "Fighting Bob" La Follette, Tillman, Pettigrew, and Tom Johnson, though they led forlorn causes and often went down to crushing defeat, trimmed the brazen sails of callous commercialism to usher in an era of self-examination and reform. They did it because they possessed the magnetic power to strike fire in the minds of many who had never dared, or thought, to question or strike out. Such arousing is a rebirth in a democracy. But it is engendered not by silly slogans and shibboleths but by appealing to a people's deep desire or need.

The big election turnout is not an end in itself; it is not much of an accomplishment at all. What public benefit comes from adding 50,000 or 500,000 uninformed ballots to the settlement of a taxation issue, an inflation question, a defense matter, or any other public affair? Voting ought not to be a quantitative matter; the quality and intensity of voter conviction is what is meaningful. Anyway, competing statistically with the Russians can prove to be a frustrating occupation.

Yet, if we are determined to compete numerically, why not enlist professional American help? A modern-day Mark Hanna might devise a scheme whereby a five-dollar rebate on the income tax is handed out to each voter who bestirs himself to the polls. There was a spectacular period in the 1890s when we not only equaled but greatly bettered the Soviet record. Indeed, during the exuberant first McKinley campaign, one district of 30,000 voters in Iowa actually succeeded in casting a bit over 40,000 ballots. Americans have accomplished this feat of topping 100 per cent many times in our history, with hardly the turn of an elec-

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tion inspector's head. In 1881 a certain Charlie Goodman of Howard County, Maryland, was paid $5 apiece for forty "floaters" with whom he contracted to turn in 5,000 ballots. Later he asserted with well-earned pride: "But I really put in 5,800!" We Americans have raised the dead to come and cast their ghostly ballots. A nation capable of accomplishing these things need not feel inferior or envious of a turnout of only 99.98 per cent.

In truth, a vote cast because it is bought is no more degenerating to the decision-making of a democracy than a vote cast to conform to a rah-rah slogan. Both are ignorant, both reprehensible.

Throughout our history Americans have always been avidly, morbidly curious about what the man-in-the-street—Tom Collins the bartender, Joe Hokum the drummer, or Jack Whopper the wrestler—thinks about this or that subject or issue. Seldom does the poll-taker inquire into *why* a view is held. The ignorant, prejudiced stand, the parroted conviction, hold a fascination that defies analysis. We thrill with excitement to learn, upon opening the evening paper, that sixty-seven out of eighty-two Americans queried in front of the Bon Ton consider red nail polish vulgar, or that fifty-seven out of seventy-one of our interviewed fellow citizens are so superstitious that they never step on a crack.

Likewise, we drool over the statistical evidence that seven out of eight Americans approve of Mamie's bangs, or that 40 per cent of all persons queried believe that fallout refers to a situation of estrangement from one's beloved. We gulp down Jayne Mansfield's ideas on armament cessation, or Joe Louis's pontifications on the improvement of international relations. It may be that our insatiable curiosity to probe the hidden recesses of our fellow citizens' minds accounts in some part for our determined efforts at tapping that darkling reservoir of indecision—the nonvoting populace.

A campaign to bring out the vote—just any kind of vote—is a dilution of whatever thoughtfulness others have contributed to the electoral decision with an unmeasured potion of the poison of indifference, irresponsibility, and civic stupidity. It is problem enough for a free society to maintain a deliberative atmosphere in the febrile pre-election chaos for the civic-minded, the alert. Too often the campaign is so far from the intellectual ideal that even a Winston Churchill tots up the days on the hustings with regret as "time lost to living." Yet, like the hostess with more guests than coffee, we would dilute the decision with more water.

IN fact, a vote cast in misinformation and mental darkness does infinite harm to the country. It were as well to settle our public issues with a gaming wheel as with the ballots of those whose instincts of propriety normally keep them home on election day. How can a citizen who does not know which party controls Congress determine which is responsible for the condition of the country? How can he assess blame or credit unless he possesses that vital minimum of information which the Pittsfield studies demonstrate he lacks?

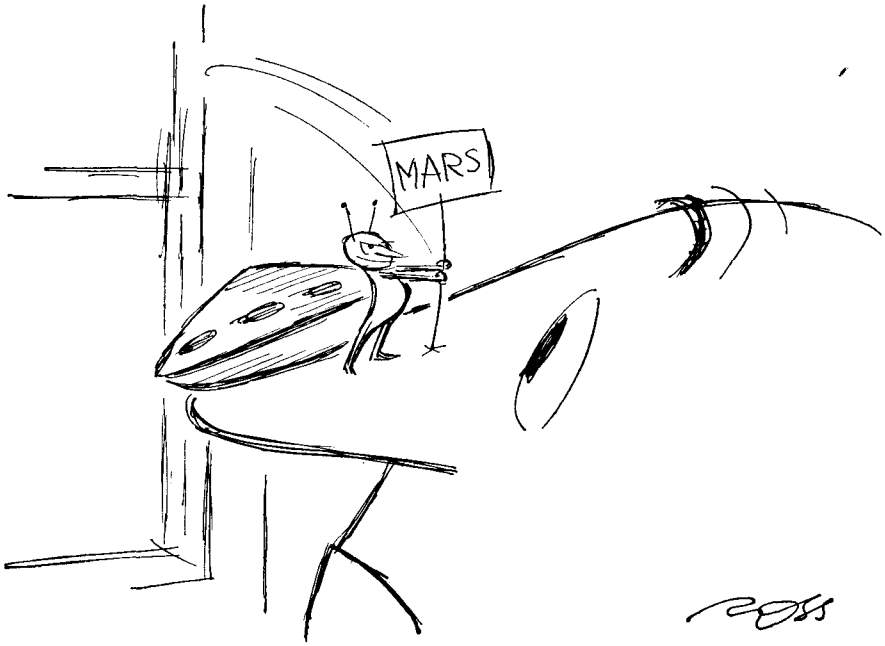
In essence, then, we are face to face with an old and basic problem of approach. Should we merely sell—or convince? Manipulate—or educate? Up to now we have handled the nonvoting problem by manipulation. We have attempted to herd these people to the polls through a stepped-up advertising campaign, then gloatingly assumed, as the percentage rose, that our problem was being solved. To the political scientists the shaming, driving, or goading of people to vote carries us nowhere; or, more precisely, we have created two problems where before we had one. The habitual nonvoting segment of uninformed, self-centered humanity retains its pristine ignorance despite some erratic defections to the polls. And we have wilfully distorted the political mandate (already hard enough to interpret).

One of the pioneer surveys of nonvoting, by Merriam and Gosnell in 1924, was based on direct questioning of 5,310 persons. Nonvoters were simply queried as to why they did not vote; the temptation to cover real reasons with acceptable ones is strong. But even so, 45 per cent admitted that the cause of their absence from the polls was indifference. Another 17 per cent covered congenital indifference with an assortment of rationalizations such as "disgusted with politics," "voting is corrupt," and the like. Another 13 per cent claimed to be enmeshed in legal or administrative obstacles (many of their own devising) which made them unable to exercise their right. Some 12 per cent were absent from home precincts, or so they averred. The rest blamed illness (some real, some imagined) as the reason they stayed home.

Except in those areas of racial conflict, the causes of nonvoting are seen to be personal rather than environmental. We are dealing with troubled people rather than weak institutions.

One of the troubles indicated by recent investigations is the greater dependence of the nonvoter on "authority symbols." The nonvoter is much more willing to accept direction and guidance from the local editor, from his boss, from the labor leader, than is his politically active neighbor. By the same token, he is a potential pushover for a demagogue or a little Caesar. Yet we wheedle him into action with no concern for his irresponsibility. Will the cajoling of clubwomen throw him into the clutches of the unscrupulous spellbinder?

Whether or not the congenital incompetence of the habitual nonvoter can be overcome by a systematic campaign of education is a question for the psychologist to determine. We are concerned here with a fundamental self love and mental torpor. It would appear that we might use our Boy Scouts for more beneficial projects than putting the heat on this unfortunate fellow. It's not a "good turn"—either to the victim or to the nation.



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INDIA AND THE WESTERN MIND

By FREDERICK MAYER,
professor of humanities at the University of Redlands and the author of numerous books.

TODAY the West is experiencing again the attractions of the Oriental view of life. In the United States the Vedanta movement has won enthusiastic adherents, including Christopher Isherwood and Aldous Huxley. Novelists as divergent as Mann, Hesse, and Maugham have experienced the impact of Indian ideals. Maugham's "The Razor's Edge" is one of the best descriptions of the impact of Oriental idealism upon Western concepts of life, although Maugham has usually been accused by his critics of being a cynic who is completely disenchanted about the possibilities of man.

Huxley is probably the most eloquent spokesman for Oriental ideas and education. In his youth he believed in the efficacy of the scientific method and was given to moods of extreme skepticism. When he became more mature, he was influenced by mysticism, which he expressed in "Time Must Have a Stop" and "Perennial Philosophy," as well as in the collection of essays "Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow."

In a short essay in "Vedanta for the West," Huxley explains his basic philosophy. He asserts that all of us are governed by time; we are subject to the romanticism of youth, the deliberation of maturity, the mellowness of old age. But to Huxley time is not an aspect of reality; it expresses the veil of Maya. There is something beyond time which leads to a supreme identity and which expresses the basic oneness of the universe. To Huxley, Indian philosophy, especially as revealed in the Upanishads, is an expression of real unity, while Western thought, which relies upon science, is symbolic of diversity.

In education, the West today is rediscovering the wisdom of Zen Buddhism. It has won enthusiastic proponents, from Allan Watts to Gerald Heard. Zen Buddhism is not a system of ideas; rather it represents a basic attitude toward the world. It stands for simplicity and spontaneity, through which man understands and becomes part of the rhythm of nature. There are profound similarities between Zen and modern pragmatism, for both philosophies are opposed to absolutism and formal knowledge and both seek to find awareness through internal stimulation and awakening. Both cherish simplicity and look upon the teacher as a guide, not as an absolute authority.

Undoubtedly, Buddha ranks as one of the foremost teachers of mankind. The two evils of life, according to him, are ignorance and desire. Ignorance mistakes appearance for reality, while desire develops constant dissatisfactions. To Buddha, as to Thoreau, the test of a man lies in the things he can do without. He counseled his disciples to curb their desires if they wanted to be truly enlightened.

Buddha's view has a perennial significance. Our Western system of education encourages wants. We hope for success and social recognition; we want fame and power. We constantly seek new thrills. We feel that youth is the most desirable condition, and we are therefore afraid of old age. The result is that our system develops eternal adolescents who never become mature in their world views.

IN contemporary civilization we have more comforts than ever before. New methods of travel have made it possible for millions to visit foreign countries. By the time we are fifteen we have seen more of the world than our forefathers had by the age of seventy. But are we fulfilled? Are we serene? Mental disease becomes more prevalent. Our suicide rate is going up. Our crime and delinquency rates are at an all-time high. We are producing a "beat generation" that regards contemporary civilization as a ridiculous joke. Most of our intellectuals feel a sense of despair as they look at modern man.

The basic reason for this pessimism and for the inadequacies of modern man lies in our Faustian concept of life. We want too much; we have too many expectations. We are like the characters in an O'Hara novel who are bound to be unhappy whether they achieve their goal or not. As a social historian of our time, O'Hara, in "Appointment in Samarra," "10 North Frederick," "A Rage to Live," and "From the Terrace," portrays characters who are unable to love. Thus in "From the Terrace," the chief character, a millionaire, is without friends, and the women he loves do not reciprocate his feelings. At the end of the book we find him overcome by a sense of futility, staying at a fashionable club where he seeks, for the most part, the company of elderly men.

—*From "The Art of India."*

Buddha—"has a perennial significance."

The same futility is seen in the characters of Marquand, who, like O'Hara, is a chronicler of the manners and morals of our time. In "H. M. Pulham, Esq." the main character is always trying to return to the standards of his childhood, while in "Women and Thomas Harrow" a writer who believes in old-fashioned standards of honor never finds love and is almost ready to commit suicide. Yet by worldly standards he is extremely successful, lives like an aristocrat, and is able to gratify most of his sensate desires.

THE great tragedies of American life are not found in financial failures but are expressed by the oppressive hold of the community, whether it be Winesburg, Ohio, Boston, or the Gopher Prairie of Sinclair Lewis. These communities are not just physical symbols, they are states of mind and conditions of the soul. They uphold artificial standards and create a domination of the spirit by killing individuality and creativity.

It is no wonder that life for many of us becomes an anticlimax and a process of disillusionment. The more we achieve, the more restless we become. Thus we become slaves of our desires, just as Buddha predicted.

Our great thinkers, men like Thoreau and Emerson who were influenced by Buddha, recommended a simple life. They realized that a man could have material wealth and be poor, that he

(*Continued on page* 50)

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Spice for the Suburban Stew

By Granville Hicks

MARGARET HALSEY, author of "With Malice Towards Some" and "Color Blind," has turned her attention to suburbia. "**This Demi-Paradise**" (Simon & Schuster, $3.50) purports to be the diary of Helen Fitzgibbons, wife of a regional planner, mother of a nine-year-old girl, and resident of a Westchester suburb. Mrs. Fitzgibbons turns out to be quite a lot like Miss Halsey in her fondness for puns, wisecracks, and literary allusions, as well as in her general outlook.

The diary covers eight months in Mrs. Fitzgibbons's life, and in it she sets down her observations on many matters. For one thing, she reports on the changing seasons, and although the description of nature is not Miss Halsey's strong point, these passages will please many suburbanites. Rather better are Mrs. Fitzgibbons's reports on her own doings and the doings of her husband, her daughter, her cats, and a few of her neighbors. Best of all are the little essays on a variety of topics, from Bermuda shorts to educational methods, from supermarkets to sociologists.

One and only one dramatic incident occurs in the period to which the diary is devoted. Helen Fitzgibbons's closest friend, Cynthia, has a distinguished great-aunt, a woman who has spent a long life working for good causes. When the president of a local women's club learns that Great-aunt Persis is to visit Cynthia, she makes a great effort to secure her as a speaker. But then it turns out that Great-aunt Persis's name is on the American Legion blacklist, and the invitation is withdrawn. Helen and Cynthia, horrified by this cowardice, seek support but find none. The decision is reversed in the end, but only because strong counterpressure has accidentally been applied.

Aside from this incident, Helen's life is on the quiet side. She and her husband and their friends are not at all like the raffish suburbanites we have encountered in the fiction of John Cheever, Peter De Vries, and others. There is no adultery, and there are no drunken parties. (The Fitzgibbonses, as Helen tells a pollster, drink "only the true, the blushful Hippocrane.") Miss Halsey, I am sure, is not suggesting that everybody in the suburbs is a model of sobriety and decorum, but she points out that these virtues do exist in that world.

One of the book's principal theses is that there is more diversity in the suburbs than is generally assumed. Helen observes:

> Another one of those books about the suburbs is being passed from hand to hand and mentioned in every conversation; and I said to Harry at breakfast this morning that I am beginning to get fed up with these volumes. They are always written by a class of people I call Measurers, and whether they come from Madison Avenue or from the loftier purlieus of a university, Measurers always find everybody alike because they *want* to find everybody alike. They pretend to be shocked by conformity, but it is only a pretense. . . . When I drive through the development or up the steep streets of our hill, my impression is less that I am surrounded by conformists than that the people who live here have secrets and they have problems.

Helen goes on to speak of some of the secrets she guesses at and some of the problems she knows about. "Conformity?" she writes. "To be sure. A great dreary tundra of physical comfort. A vast and cheerless steppe of pinch pleats, dinettes, and political sameness." Yet the differences are just as real as the resemblances, though much easier for the Measurers to overlook.

If, however, the book argues that a good life can be lived in the suburbs, Miss Halsey is far from complacency. In the first place, she is troubled by what happens in an age of abundance. Her great symbol is the supermarket, which she refers to as "Plethora, Incorporated." "This is my own, my native land," Helen reflects one day in the supermarket, "and the Horn of Plenty is blasting me right out of my seat." The economy, as Miss Halsey sees it, is not only remarkably successful in persuading people to buy all sorts of goods that they do not need; it convinces them that the possession of such goods is the only purpose life has. She sees the people of the suburbs as being stifled by material comforts, and the spectacle distresses her.

She is also disturbed by the decay of moral conviction, which is illustrated by the incident of Great-aunt Persis. Here the symbol is the liberal church that Helen and Harry attend and sometimes refer to as "St. Euphoria." Its minister, the Reverend Doctor Aspirin, is a bland exponent of the doctrine of love, and Helen tangles with him when, in a panel discussion, she suggests that hate is also necessary. Later Cynthia tries to persuade the minister that he should sponsor a meeting for Great-aunt Persis, but he finds a hundred good reasons for not doing so, while of course deploring the narrow-mindedness of the objectors. "How do you keep up the standards you believe in," Helen asks, "how do you keep from getting corrupted, when *nobody* is around to symbolize the higher things?"

Obviously these two problems are not problems of the suburbs only but of the whole of American society. Anyone can see that we as a people have not made the best possible use of our national prosperity. The old Utopian Socialists used to argue that if everyone could enjoy wealth and leisure a great cultural renaissance would ensue. Nothing of the sort has happened; only the lowest forms of effortless entertainment have flourished. We have come closer than any people in history to solving the problem of production and distribution, and we have found that that is only the beginning.

As for the decline of moral fervor, it is to be expected in a period in which more and more values are being questioned. Convictions are hard to come by and harder to hold on to. This is no excuse for the Doctor Aspirins, but we have to recognize that more is involved than lack of courage.

Miss Halsey's book doesn't cut very deep, but it is amusing, and it makes some valid points. Best of all, it provides an antidote to the evils it describes. The great thing about the Fitzgibbonses is that it never occurs to them not to go on living the way they want to live. They don't talk a lot about their nonconformity; they don't make an act of it; but they go their own way. They cannot be pressured, even by their beloved daughter, into buying what they do not need. The people they see are the people they like, not the people who might be useful to them. They read books; they think seriously about the issues of the day; they stand by their beliefs no matter what the cost.

I think there are a lot more people like the Fitzgibbonses in the suburbs and in America in general than Helen's Measurers ever discover. They are not the noisy rebels against conformity; in fact, they don't think of themselves as rebels at all. They are merely people who want to be themselves and have discovered that, no matter where they live, they can be. If there is any hope for the future, it is in such people.

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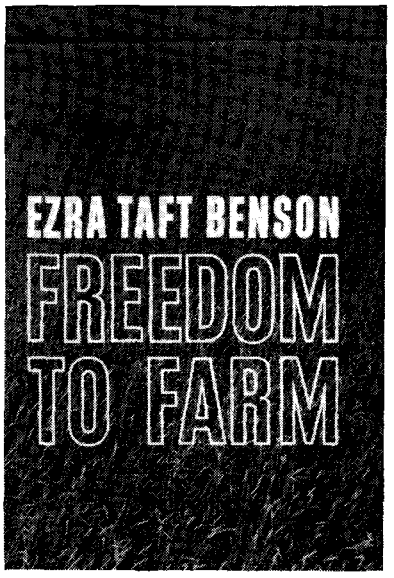
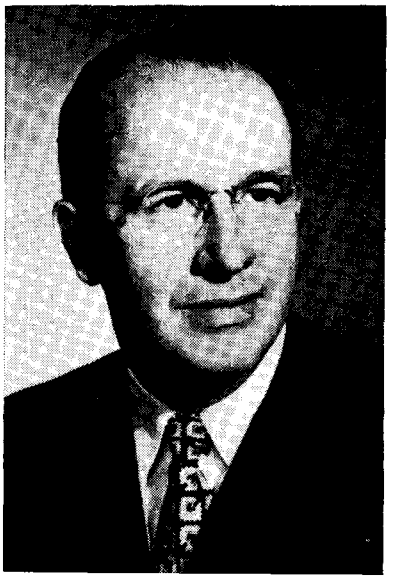
Book in the News





The Secretary of Agriculture defends his controversial policy

By Willard W. Cochrane, *professor, Department of Agricultural Economics, University of Minnesota.*

SECRETARY Benson has produced a strange mixture in his little book **"Freedom to Farm"** (Doubleday, $3.95). It is part nostalgic recollections of his boyhood on the farm, part a lay history of American agriculture from World War I down to 1960, part a partisan view of farm politics. From the title of the book, and considering the controversial position of Secretary Benson in this Administration, it is not surprising to discover that the book is also devoted, in part at least, to a defense and a projection of his farm policies. What is surprising is the space given to reminiscing and historical description.

Chapters 2 through 11 (more than two-thirds of the book) are concerned with personal recollections and a history of agriculture—of the development of the industry and the politics of it—from World War I through World War II. The first of these chapters are rather fun and refreshing; the history is enlivened by personal experiences and recollections. Mr. Benson recalls with vividness and fondness the good days down on the farm around Preston, Idaho, shortly after the turn of the century.

But as we move into the New Deal years the writing becomes shrill and partisan. Mr. Benson rediscovers Alger Hiss and the Communist cell in the Department of Agriculture; Henry Wallace, he finds, was predicting state Socialism for the U.S. as early as 1932, and, referring to the Brannan Plan, the author states, "This philosophy that the government knows how to operate farms better than farmers themselves is more than academic theory. It is almost exactly the concept by which the Communist economics operate over nearly half of the earth. . . ." In the opinion of this reviewer more penetrating, less slanted histories of American agriculture can be found elsewhere.

In Chapters 1 and 12-14, Mr. Benson gets down to the serious business of stating and defending his policy thesis, namely, that farmers want, or should want, complete *freedom to farm*. There is room for a voluntary land retirement program and an overseas demand expansion program for underdeveloped countries in his scheme of things. But he wants no collective restraints over individual decision making at the farm level. Given this wonderful freedom from government, he says that ". . . we would find farmers quickly adjusting acreage and production to what consumers wanted to buy." In short, a return to the good old days around Preston, Idaho, would solve the farm problem (perhaps there is a connection between the recollections in the early part of the book and the policy prescriptions in the latter part).

In defending his policy position in this book, as in other places, Mr. Benson wears a pair of magic spectacles. These spectacles enable him to see and record only the facts that fit his argument and to black-out those that don't. He sees full well, for example, the technological revolution occurring in American agriculture, but he can't see that this revolution leads to *general* excess productivity capacity, an *aggregate* surplus problem, with *general* farm price depressing effects. That we have now, and into the foreseeable future, too much *total* food and fiber products he cannot see.

But nowhere do the magic Benson spectacles provide a more warped view than with respect to the now famous corn referendum in 1958. The fact that 71 per cent of commercial corn producers voted to discontinue corn acreage allotments Mr. Benson cites as proof in this book, as he has many other places, that farmers want to get government out of agriculture. It seems never to have penetrated the consciousness of Mr. Benson that the choice presented to growers in 1938 was such that 86 per cent of the growers involved would get a moderate price increase from an average of $1.06 per bushel to an average of $1.12 by voting to follow the noncontrol route (because in fact this group of farmers was already outside the acreage control program, but was riding on a Benson-initiated price support program of $1.06 per bushel for *noncompliers* which would go to $1.12 in 1939), and only 14 per cent would receive a price decrease by the elimination of acreage controls. Corn farmers in 1938 were not voting for or against controls: very simply they were voting their pocketbooks. This everyone in the Midwest who knows anything about the corn-hog economy knows; but this common knowledge is not to be found in "Freedom to Farm" and neither are many other facts, conditions, and relationships that do not fit the Benson diagnosis and prescription.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 893

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 893 will be found in the next issue.

ABC DBE ABFG

DHE LGFMBA; MGN

DHA MHG HC HN.

–OPGF BMMGC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 892

I hate mankind, for I think myself one of the best of them, and I know how bad I am.

–SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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Political Road Map of USSR

"The Great Contest," by Isaac Deutscher *(Oxford. 96 pp. $2.75), consisting of lectures presented in the autumn of 1959 in Canada under the auspices of the Dafoe Foundation, predicts that freedom in Russia will soon rival that of the West. The latest book on the USSR by Harrison Salisbury is "To Moscow —And Beyond."*

By Harrison Salisbury

ONE OF the great tours de force of Soviet studies was accomplished by Isaac Deutscher a few weeks after the death of Josef Stalin March 5, 1953. In those few weeks Mr. Deutscher wrote a brilliant forecast of what Stalin's death would mean in terms of Soviet foreign policy, Soviet domestic policy, and the repercussions upon that delicately balanced structure in which Russia vests her power—the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

Mr. Deutscher not only assessed with remarkable accuracy the main outlines of the coming struggle between the Malenkov and Khrushchev lines. He predicted the thaw in Soviet policy at home and the effort to achieve a detente abroad. When one picks up Mr. Deutscher's "Russia After Stalin" it is difficult to realize that the body of the old dictator was hardly cold in the Red Square Mausoleum by the time these pages were written.

The judgments that Mr. Deutscher presented in 1953 were neither accidental nor fortuitous. They were based on solid scholarship, intimate personal knowledge of Communist politics and Russian psychology, and that sixth sense of personal intuition which distinguishes the brilliant researcher and the scientific genius from the solid but plodding scholar.

In this new and slender volume Mr. Deutscher again applies the force of his reason and the power of his logic to the task of forecasting what the future will bring in Russia. More than ever what he says is worth listening to. For history has proved that his reasoning is more than likely to be confirmed by events.

What Mr. Deutscher says now, in effect, is that the Soviet is moving forward with great and increasing momentum toward a position from which she will be able to challenge the West not only on a basis of material, economic, and scientific achievement but upon a basis of comparative and increasing freedom. The author concedes that for the present the laurels of political freedom are firmly held in the West. "But," he writes, "I do not think that the contrast will last indefinitely. The Russians have already discovered that they need freedom, if only to be socially efficient."

It is Mr. Deutscher's belief that in the next ten years there will be a gradual enlargement of civil liberty in the Soviet Union—although one that will be marked by temporary setbacks and, possibly, even dramatic clashes between the rulers and the ruled. He warns that these developments may radically affect the nature of the coming phase of struggle between East and West by striking from our hands the one clear advantage—that of political freedom—which our system continues to hold against that of the Communist world.

This may seem a gambling hypothesis. Surely it is a bold one. It appears only too clear that the struggle within Russia between the parties advocating less freedom, less relaxation, and those who would continue the line identified with Premier Khrushchev is far from over. But the case which Mr. Deutscher argues is a powerful one. He envisages Mr. Khrushchev as an interregnatory ruler—a man who is leading a painful transition between the closed society of Stalin's day and a considerably more open one to come. It is for this reason, he believes, that Mr. Khrushchev backs and fills, that he takes two steps forward and one back, that he is at one and the same time the man who encourages greater freedom for writers and who stands by while the pack is loosed against Boris Pasternak.

Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Deutscher holds, partakes inevitably of the two eras in which he has lived: that in which Stalin ruled by terror and forced irresistibly the ferocious pace of primitive accumulation in order to build up Russian might, and the new era in which Russia is beginning to enjoy if not an abundance of goods at least the potential to eliminate serious want.

Mr. Deutscher does not believe it is possible for Russia to turn back the clock to Stalin. The dynamics of Stalin's day are dead. This, he warns, is no unmixed blessing. The West must gird for the greatest challenges.

"If only the West learns to face the future instead of clinging to the past," he writes, "the challenge will hold no threat to it; and—who knows?—competitive coexistence may yet change from the bitter competition it is into cooperative emulation."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BITS AND PIECES

Herewith a group of four-word extracts from the last lines of sundry English sonnets. The authors are alphabetized in Column Two. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks you to match words and writers and to give the titles of the sonnets. Answers on page 50.

1. "a peak in Darien"	( )	Matthew Arnold
2. "beneath the tamarind tree"	( )	Elizabeth Barrett Browning
3. "Death, thou shalt die"	( )	John Donne
4. "I shall but love"	( )	John Keats
5. "in that victorious brow"	( )	Henry W. Longfellow
6. "Look in thy heart"	( )	John Milton
7. "lone and level sands"	( )	Edgar Allan Poe
8. "no man ever loved"	( )	Christina Rossetti
9. "only stand and wait"	( )	William Shakespeare
10. "Or hear old Triton"	( )	Percy B. Shelley
11. "Our love shall live"	( )	Sir Philip Sidney
12. "remember and be sad"	( )	Edmund Spenser
13. "the eternal ages watch"	( )	Alfred, Lord Tennyson
14. "voice of the dead"	( )	William Wordsworth

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Economics in the Samaritan Style

"Giant Among Nations," by Peter B. Kenen *(Harcourt, Brace. 232 pp. $5), suggests how we may solve the dilemma of the underdeveloped countries. Special assistant to the publisher of Time, John Scott wrote "Democracy Is Not Enough."*

By John Scott

HAD "GIANT AMONG NATIONS" appeared in 1945, the reader would not have needed to go past the title to know with what nation the book dealt. Fifteen years ago the United States was without doubt the Giant of this world's nations: the economies of Western Europe and the Soviet Union lay in ruins; China seemed bent on bleeding itself to death; the rest of the world was still sleeping fitfully.

But fifteen years ago Peter Kenen was still in elementary school. In the few short years he needed to acquire his Ph.D. and his assistant professorship in economics at Columbia, the world changed a good deal, and I am not at all sure the title is still a good one. China, now unified and effectively governed, is four times as populous as the U.S.; the Soviet Union is twice as large in area, and, though only half as productive, its productivity is growing twice as fast; the Western European community, well on the way towards integration, is already more productive than this country.

Without stopping to document his title, Dr. Kenen proceeds from the first chapter to prescribe a number of measures which the U.S. should undertake in order to fulfill adequately its role as Giant. While I agree that most of the measures he suggests are indeed desirable, I was disconcerted by the lack of political realism in many of his suggestions and found myself remembering and chuckling over the story of the gouty old centipede who appealed to the philosopher for advice and was told that if he changed himself into a mouse, he would be twenty-five times better off. "That's fine," said the centipede, "but how do I change myself into a mouse?" "I wouldn't know about that," shrugged the philosopher. "I'm just a policy man."

Having thus spear-pointed what seem to me to be two serious shortcomings in Dr. Kenen's book, let me now dwell on its numerous virtues.

In a style accurately described in a short introduction by Chester Bowles as effective, fresh, and eminently readable, Kenen begins by stating the dilemma of the underdeveloped nations, whose low incomes do not allow the savings needed for the investments without which incomes cannot rise. Lacking outside aid, he points out succinctly, the underdeveloped nations face the choice of no growth or totalitarianism à la Soviet. Kenen then directs his attention to various economic measures through which we—the "Giant Among Nations" specifically and the Western world generally—may find it possible to provide our less-developed neighbors with the capital they need to break the vicious circle of misery.

In a good, clear description of the balance of international payments, the author lays out the complex chemistry of international trade in layman's language, though, perhaps in defense of his title, underemphasizing the growing role of Western Europe in world trade. He points out along the way that the U.S. does not really suffer in international trade because of our higher wages, as these are more than compensated for by higher productivity. He summarizes with admirable clarity the philosophy and structure of tariffs and the structure of U.S. investments abroad, then launches into a cutting denunciation of United States "particularism" (a word once used to describe Earl Browder's heresy in the 1940s) in retaining protectionism by "economic fraud," which shows us to be "the victims of economic nationalism." Kenen recommends the repeal of the Buy-American Act, the discontinuation of price supports on American foods and fibers, and, apparently, the substitution of something like the old Brannan Plan. To stabilize world trade, Kenen recommends our compensating producer governments rather than pegging prices, but he is vague as to how this procedure might be financed.

After pointing out correctly that most of U.S. private investments abroad have gone to the developed countries, where they are least needed, while from 1950 to 1958 only 3½ billions went to Asia and Africa, and most of that into the extractive industries, the author devotes an instructive chapter to the tax and other motivations through which more private investments might be channeled for development of underdeveloped economies. But the reader is left with the feeling that Kenen is not as optimistic about or as interested in private investment as he is in governmental aid.

HE devotes nearly a third of the book to an interesting treatment of the various organs of international governmental financial operations: the World Bank, the International Finance Corporation, the Export-Import Bank, the Inter-American Development Bank, the Development Loan Fund. Pointing out that most of these organizations channel governmental loans to needy borrowers, Kenen demonstrates that as presently constituted, they cannot lend for less than standard rates of interest (4 per cent or 5 per cent), while Soviet foreign loans usually carry interest payments of 2½ per cent. He also remarks critically that all these organizations lend at the rate of about $12½ billion annually for an average of twenty years, meaning that at the end of ten years the net flow of capital to underdevel-

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oped countries becomes negligible and at the end of twenty years negative. Only the Development Loan Fund, which takes payments in local currencies, avoids this awkward trend, but this in turn leaves the U.S. with large and growing balances of soft currencies, which can only be used to the detriment of the economies we are trying to aid.

With this detailed background Kenen then recommends that as a matter of policy we return to grants rather than loans for our foreign aid, that their administration be centralized in one Cabinet-level department independent of State and, further, that the entire program be internationalized and placed under a World Development Agency, which we should then challenge the Russians also to join. This agency might get along on an assessment of .5 per cent of the G.N.P. of each of the participants, with perhaps an additional surtax on the more affluent. The suggestion is that under such an arrangement the U.S. might spend some $5 billion a year on economic development of underdeveloped nations. This program would be, of course, completely separate from private investments, foundation activities, private charities, and military support aid.

THIS scheme, incidentally, is not unlike and not much more specifically defined than the broad programs suggested some years ago by Henry Wallace, subsequently by the late Brian MacMahon, by Walter Reuther, and more recently by Barbara Ward Jackson. I agreed that the world would be a better place for all of us to live in with such an international development program in operation, but it is difficult for me to imagine how this could be organized without some sort of fairly effective world government under a universally accepted body of world law.

And to achieve this happy state would be no less difficult than changing the centipede into a mouse.

Moral Policy for a Bipolar World

"Can We End the Cold War?," by Leo Perla *(Macmillan. 251 pp. $4.50), proposes a new morality in the conduct of our foreign affairs. The argument is examined by Frank Altschul, chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the International Planning Association.*

By Frank Altschul

IN A tightly reasoned and disturbing book, Leo Perla presents a searching indictment of our national behavior with particular emphasis on the manner in which our foreign policy is presently pursued. Impressed, as who is not, by the looming terror of the thermonuclear age, he argues for a material change in our attitude and conduct, in which far greater stress should be laid on "moral" considerations than he has detected in the past.

While few would quarrel with every count in his indictment—and some of these it would be well for all of us to take to heart—the book is disturbing because in so many instances Mr. Perla's charges seem overdrawn and in the main unrelated to any realistic appraisal of the nature of the threat to which we lie exposed. In fact, although highly critical of our own performance, the author seems to take an unduly charitable view of the record of the Soviet Union. And the feeling that his presentation is formidably slanted is in no sense relieved by the occasional interjection of such disclaimers as "certainly nothing said in this chapter, or elsewhere in the book, is meant to imply the slightest approval of the many crimes for which Russia stands condemned in the judgment of the world."

Illustrative of the sympathetic approach to the Soviet line is the statement that "from the Russian point of view our bases which circle her are the greatest single factor in keeping tension at a high pitch." This is not balanced by the slightest reference to the reason we have felt impelled, contrary both to our tradition and our inclination, to keep units of our armed services stationed at farflung points on foreign soil. For most of us this has seemed nothing more than the inevitable reaction to the menacing posture of the Soviet Union ever since the closing days of the Second World War.

Pleading for the abandonment of "double standards" in our conduct of foreign affairs, Mr. Perla urges that we place far greater reliance on "universal moral principles" and "universal principles of justice." But is not this concept of universality an illusion in our bipolarized world?

In any event, while expounding at length on what the author describes as the "violation of universal moral principles," he does make the admission that "even an extreme moralist would not find it difficult to agree that 'immoral' national conduct is justified on an issue directly related to national self-preservation." But what Mr. Perla refuses to recognize is that national self-preservation *is* the basic issue confronting us today. And in these circumstances, faced with an implacable foe determined even if only metaphorically to bury us, the standards observed in the ordinary walks of life by those of us who have been brought up in the ways of the West unfortunately cannot in every instance be considered rigidly applicable in matters of national behavior.

In his analysis of the futility of war with modern weapons, Mr. Perla makes his most telling points. Clearly no true interest of ours can be served, least of all the overriding interest in self-preservation, by a conflict between two antagonists each of whom maintains the invulnerable capability of visiting untold destruction on the other. But the question that troubles many of us is whether this is in fact the situation that exists today or is likely to exist during the approaching period of the much advertised missile gap.

The author is fully conscious of the elements of weakness in our position, among which he underscores the fact that "our declared policy of not striking the first blow"—a policy, as he recognizes, inevitably dictated by our deepest traditions—"emasculates our threat and gives a crushing advantage to the enemy." But Mr. Perla does not draw from this the obvious conclusion that we should greatly step up our defense effort to the end that this crushing advantage may be eliminated. Yet only when this has been done will there be any promise that negotiations between the Soviet Union and ourselves as equals may lead on a fair basis to the ending of the cold war and the dispelling of the dangers implicit in the existing situation.

Instead, Mr. Perla places reliance on the introduction of a new morality in the conduct of our foreign relations. This, in his view, would regain for us wide support in areas where we had been fast losing it, and would in time exert a powerful and benign influence upon the Kremlin. Desirable as this may be, it hardly seems an adequate substitute for a retaliatory capability recognized at home and abroad as invulnerable. Possibly Mr. Perla's purported idealism and the presumed realism of those who hold a different view can be reconciled by the adoption of the still unimplemented, but quietly advocated policy of preparing for the worst while acting for the best.

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FICTION

Wind-Swept Skies to Sandy Grave

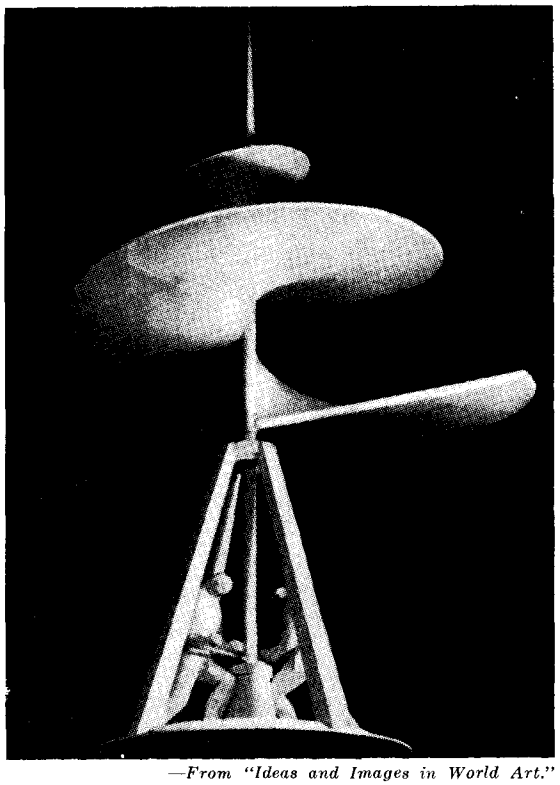
"Village of Stars," by Paul Stanton *(Morrow. 241 pp. $3.75), and* ***"The Sands of Kalahari," by William Mulvihill*** *(Putnam. 256 pp. $3.95), are both novels about airplane flights and the threat or the consequences of crash landings. Robert Payne numbers among his many books "The Gold of Troy" and "The White Rajahs of Sarawak."*

By Robert Payne

WE LIVE in an apocalyptic age: moonlight, the great cliffs, ourselves wandering on the edge of them. Once we lived on the sunlit plain, and the signposts were properly and accurately displayed; there was reasonable shelter, and most men knew what to do with their lives. Now we are lucky if we can recognize our friends and succeed in standing upright on the cliff edge. A little wind could blow us over.

We are all aware that we are living in mortal danger, that the cliffs are crumbling, that there is precious little hope for any of us, and that we have not even begun to cope with the problems of survival. We still obey the laws of a previous dispensation. We still cherish the beliefs we held before the new age dawned on us. We live as much as possible as though there were no apocalyptic flames in the heavens. The sky and the earth have changed color, but outward man remains majestically unchanged.

The surprising thing is how little the violent changes of our time are reflected in our literature. One could read a hundred current novels without guessing that the entire earth is shuddering beneath the flames. Read the Old and New Testaments, read Dostoievsky and Kafka, or even "Robinson Crusoe," and you will find in these books a more certain knowledge of what it is like in an apocalyptic age than in the books we produce today when the apocalypse is all around us. Even when our authors attempt to describe the horror, they do so tentatively, without conviction, and with a strange incoherence, as though they could hardly bring themselves to believe in the singular destiny which modern man has chosen for himself.



—From "Ideas and Images in World Art."
Hand-driven flying machine designed by Leonardo da Vinci.

There is very little conviction in Paul Stanton's "Village of Stars," which describes the adventures of a British bomber as it flies frantically over the Middle East like a maddened wasp, unable to unload the nuclear bomb of fantastic destructive power with which it is armed, unable to defuse it, and unable to land. Mr. Stanton describes a perfectly possible situation. The jammed bomb, which may or may not go off, is only too much a part of our present predicament. There is a good deal of authentic Air Force jargon to add verisimilitude to the story. All the old tricks are pulled out. The eye is on the oil-pressure needle, which is always up or down ten pounds. The intercom crackles with the happy spluttering noises dear to Walter Mitty. Hands clutch hard on the control column, engines are throttled back, noses are pushed down. The bomber is real enough, but the airmen are oddly unconvincing. Here, for example, is the pilot contemplating the destruction of 40,000 square miles of friendly territory:

> A red-hot whirlwind roared in his mind, sweeping up fantastic images from its half-consciousness. His duty was to his crew, wasn't it? He had no responsibility for those unseen lives down there.
>
> It was *them* or *us*.
>
> Drop it while you can—it was as if someone had said it aloud in the aircraft. In another few minutes, you won't be able to—the engines seemed to shriek it, his own blood thundered it out.

In the end, of course, the bomber returns safely to its base, and we are left with the curious feeling that it probably never left the base at all. There is no crisis: only a failure of the imagination.

"The Sands of Kalahari" suffers from many of the same faults. William Mulvihill imagines an airplane crashing in the Kalahari desert, where there is almost no water and the food consists of lizards and occasional baboons. The survivors from the crash are all highly civilized, and therefore incompetents in the game of survival. There is the ageing German who had taken part in the massacre of the Hereros in Southwest Africa and other massacres in the Nazi invasion of Russia: he has a precise notion of guilt, and he comes alive fitfully. There is O'Brien, the ex-millionaire hunter, who suffers from a lust to kill everything in sight and is last seen fighting off an army of baboons. There is the Negro professor who wanders off into the desert only to be captured by the pygmy Bushmen and sold into slavery. There is the divorcée who will jump into bed with the first man to regard her as anything more than another mouth to feed. There is the pilot Sturdevant, who marches across the desert to the sea. He is immediately arrested because he has chosen to reach the sea by way of a diamond field, and no one believes his story of a crashed airplane. The survivors are left to rot, quarreling and murdering until the inevitable airplane arrives.

This is an infuriatingly uneven book, riddled with flashbacks. The characters are rarely in focus; they blur, dissolve, fade into one another. But Mr. Mulvihill has an eye for allegory, and when the spirit moves him he writes well. He is at his best describing a single man confronting the scaly immensity

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of the desert, or when he shows a man pitting his strength against some defenseless animal in order to obtain food:

> He went to the turtle and bent over it. This is how one murders, he told himself. Now I have done all things. . . . I have killed men in the war with no feeling but this is truly murder. Or am I mad now from the sun and the guilt and the yearning? I cannot shoot you, Turtle, I cannot waste a bullet on something as slow and helpless. I will not crush you. . . .
>
> He drove the sharpened stake into the wrinkled folds of the neck, felt it penetrate deep inside. He groaned and looked away, then ran from it as it writhed and flopped and bled to death. He ran from the sun-baked land and stopped at last and found that he was crying, shouting wildly. He slumped down and rested, telling himself that he was sick and half-mad from hunger, that he must eat and find some shade and sleep until the sun went away. . . .
>
> After a time he got up and gathered an armload of sticks and went back to the turtle. It was dead and flies crawled on the bloody spear that protruded from its neck.

The bloody spear is not easily forgotten. Here, at last, is writing!

Fleeting Image Known as Life

"The Journey," by Jiro Osaragi; *translated by Ivan Morris (Knopf. 342 pp. $4.50), depicts the ubiquitous effects of American influence upon present-day Japan. Howard Hibbett, the author of "The Floating World in Japanese Fiction," teaches Oriental literature at Harvard.*

By Howard Hibbett

IN THIS substantial novel of life in postwar Japan, Jiro Osaragi has given us another revealing study of his countrymen, once quaintly thought to be inscrutable. "The Journey" makes a worthy companion-piece to Osaragi's "Homecoming," which was introduced in 1955, the first of a series of fine translations from modern Japanese fiction.

Readers who have diligently explored this new literary terrain will feel, perhaps with some relief, that they are back on familiar ground. Osaragi has been aptly compared with Marquand, and his novels offer similarly dependable entertainment — a bittersweet theme elaborated with the ease of the accomplished popular novelist.

Here the theme is the traditional Japanese metaphor of life as a journey without destination: "To travel, not in order to arrive, but for the sake of the journey itself . . ." Both of the main characters—Soroku Okamoto, whose only son died in the war, and his niece Taeko—come by their very different ways to appreciate the virtue of resignation, of accepting the sorrows and impermanence of life. Soroku attempts suicide, but at last, after a chance friendship with an eccentric professor and his pupil, he finds meaning in his life. Taeko's enlightenment is the result of a love affair with a young man, "a child of the war," corrupted by the values of a new black market society dedicated to the pursuit of Hollywood-style luxury. Her appealing spontaneity and simplicity are further set off by contrast with her conventional-minded sister Tazuko ("Marriage isn't something to decide for oneself, you know"), who, incidentally, proves "her inherent good nature" by taking some pride in the fact that her husband's mistress is a geisha of high standing.

Taeko's particular rival, the elegant, sinister Mrs. Iwamuro, stands—or lies—closest to one of the chief sources of corruption: the childlike, blue-eyed businessmen whom she escorts on sightseeing trips with a minimum of attention to temples and art objects ("Our American guests are only interested in things that move"). By a reversal of roles in keeping with her Americanized personality, Mrs. Iwamuro golfs, gambles, drives a hard bargain, and supports her unhappy husband. The shallow sophistication of the *après-guerre* Tokyo set is neatly summed up by the farewells, in English and French respectively, which Taeko's lover bids to Mrs. Iwamuro ("Bye-bye") and to Taeko herself ("*Bon voyage*!").

Osaragi tells his story with a wealth of incident and imagery. Against a delicately sketched background of varied settings, in the changing seasons of a single year, the moods of the novel follow one another in a leisurely rhythm enlivened by minor revelations, sudden, improbable encounters in the Kabuki manner, and a few striking scenes. All these effects are nicely calculated to enhance the pleasure of the reader. It requires no special taste for exotica to share that pleasure.

WILES OF WEE DOUGIE: Perhaps by the time of this writing it has already been announced that "**The Ballad of Peckham Rye**" (Lippincott, $3.75), by Muriel Spark, is to be made into a motion picture. It would seem to be inevitable. One can only hope that the Boulting brothers saw it first; what a shame if this fine froth of English fiction suffered a sea change.

It must be stated now, however, that "The Ballad of Peckham Rye" is not merely a would-be scenario, but a delightful, self-contained work. And the author has neatly nipped any academic hair-splitting about whether 160 swiftly paced pages constitute a novel by most aptly entitling it a "ballad."

Indeed, it is just that as it sings of an enigmatic folk hero, Dougal Douglas, of that amoral, facile, eccentric breed that the English have so gleefully created in their films. The ballad traces the breathtaking self-determinism of Dougal, who comes from Scotland to the apocryphal London district of Peckham Rye to work in his fashion. His cue is provided by the slogan of a time and motion study at one of the Peckham mills by which he is hired to improve employee morale: "the least loss of energy and time in feeding the line." Keeping his work energy and time to the evanescent, he is also able to be employed in the identical capacity at the rival mill under the name of Douglas Dougal.

In his machinations Dougal acts as an electrifying *deus ex machina* on Peckham, releasing pent-up resentments and bursts of independence among the mill workers, causing anguishing reappraisals, nervous breakdowns, and murder before he leaves. Out of Dougal's uninhibited laissez-faire comes the stuff of a hilarious folktale of an ordered society that never knew what hit it.

How delightful it would be if there were more Dougals around to stir things up, but at least Muriel Spark offers us in "The Ballad of Peckham Rye" a vicarious catharsis.

—Lois Wagner Green.

HOUSEHOLD GOD: Now that courtroom drama has replaced vaudeville, and Catholicism is a lively conversation piece, Gertrude Schweitzer arrives on time. "**Born**" (Doubleday, $3.95), a second novel by this past master of the literary genre known as "women's-magazine fiction," is a potpourri of domestic manners, litigation, and religious apologia. What might have been a mis alliance of sophisticated soap opera and morality play becomes a provocative account of the uses and abuses of religion in everyday life.

During the mid-years of our century Liz Banion married a man who could

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not give her a child. Bound to him by the need of the strong to be needed by the weak, she still hungered for motherhood. In a private and informal rite, the Banions adopted an infant from a Catholic orphanage. Then the coil wound tighter: Liz took a lover, left the Catholic Church, alienated her family, and found herself on the side of the godless in a legal contest for the soul of her child.

The climactic court hearing is in the familiar literary tradition of juridical debate that extends from "The Brothers Karamazov" to "The Caine Mutiny" and Perry Mason. Here it becomes a tug of war between a natural and a foster mother, between generation and generation, philosophy and dogma, and human and divine love. What does it mean to be *born* into a faith? Who is responsible for the salvation of a four-year-old girl? Throughout, God is interpreted, invoked, and called upon to do everything but testify. On both sides are those burdened with a sense of exile, a passion for martyrdom, those without certainties seeking the metric system by which to measure goodness. Pro and *contra* are skilfully presented though, regrettably, the Catholic stand is weakened in being championed by an unwed mother and a morally schizophrenic zealot.

A tendency toward overstatement and excessive psychologizing gives the book a slow start. Too often the motor idles while thoughts and feelings of characters are unnecessarily underscored, placing the reader in a kind of echo chamber.

The author hits her stride too late, devoting herself to elaborate stage setting which obfuscates a good story. Only after the reader is half-way there does he realize, happily, that he is in for more than a slick exposition of love in and out of wedlock. Mrs. Schweitzer would have been a better barrister if, like counsel for the defense, she had limited her opening remarks.

—Gladys J. Carr.

Lion and Lamb

By Walker Gibson

WHATEVER tumbles trunks of trees
Trifles with ripples on a pond:
Seawall and grassblade both respond
To that promiscuous blast or breeze
That wafts or wrecks. High on a tower
Cups spin frantic to count the gusts:
Whatever rips cups off their shafts
Touches them later like a lover.

PERSONAL HISTORY

From Delhi to Oxford and Back

"Walking the Indian Streets," by Ved Mehta *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 148 pp. $3.50), comments with both amusement and zest on the Asian country where the author was born. Several of John Masters's many novels have been set in India.*

By John Masters

THIS book is by a young Indian who, after graduation from Oxford, returns to the home country with another Indian friend from Oxford. The friend is Dom Moraes, a brilliant poet and, like Dylan Thomas, a man who searches for the ultimate in the intimate. The book describes what Mr. Mehta sees and does and feels while in India, at first with Mr. Moraes, later alone.

He visits Delhi, Haridwar, Katmandu, Calcutta. He meets several Indian writers, poets, and artists, whom he sees with a sharp and humorous eye. He meets Mr. Nehru and, because he is a patriot, becomes girlish with uncritical admiration. He is very funny about Delhi society, which is indeed, as he paints it, a tragi-comic caricature, almost farcical in its overtones of the worst of Mayfair.

Most of the book was published, in article form, in *The New Yorker*, but Mr. Mehta writes with feeling as well as accuracy. He is a youthful writer still, exuberant over nonessentials, uncertain of what he is trying to tell us but certain that we will be interested in his least thought, the tiniest word that falls from Dom's lips. Fortunately, he is quite right. We are interested—but not in the ostensible subject of the book, his impressions of India. Here he gives me a strange feeling that I am listening to a man in a Madison Avenue bar late at night. The man is telling me why he returned to Dubuque, whom he met there, and what an extraordinary thing it is to go back to your old home town and find you have become a stranger, why, they've torn down the Post Office but the grade school where I went is still standing, mind, they've enlarged it. . . . In this area it is a pretty thin book in all senses of the word.

The charm and fascination of it lie in our communion with the author. We learn much about him and soon share his problems. He does not really know why he is returning to India, and at once we are involved. Why is he? He doesn't find the answer and we, sharing his split personality, understand why. He never expected, somehow, that Oxford would have changed him so much—or is it India that has changed? We, who have seen from his first sentences that Oxford has invested him with its wry and tangential humor, quite un-Indian in its character, know he is going to be a very perturbed young man, and wish we could help him, but we can't.

At the end he decides to return to the West to complete his education. Why? And does he want to write a book about India's influence on England because it will be a worth-while book to write, or because he will then

(*Continued on page* 29)

—*From "India and Modern Art."*

"Mother and Child," by Jamini Roy.

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View from the Mikasa's Bridge

"Admiral Togo," by Georges Blond *(Macmillan. 252 pp. $5.95), retells the story of the man under whose command the Russian fleet was vanquished. Paul S. Dull is professor of Japanese history at the University of Oregon.*

By Paul S. Dull

A BOOK on Admiral Togo, the Japanese naval hero who commanded the ships that defeated the Russian fleet in the Straits of Tsushima in 1905, could be one of several things or, happily, a combination of them. It could be a find for the naval battle history enthusiast, giving new details or fresh analyses of the sea engagements in which Togo participated, recreating the terrible suspense and agony of the moment of truth for those who go down to the sea in fighting ships. It could be a biography that gives us new insights into Japanese history, or, the rarest of all writing, could breathe life into a man, who—as all men must, hero or poltroon—makes his lonely way from womb to pyre. Georges Blond's "Admiral Togo" seems to attempt all of these things, yet, in the end it does not achieve brilliance in any of them. The result is a run-of-the-mill book that irritates the reader as much as it satisfies him.

Contrary to the dust jacket's comment, this is not the first "full length biography" of Togo, and it apparently taps no fresh sources not utilized by R. V. C. Bodley's 1935 biography. Consequently, little new ground is broken in describing the naval battles; nor did the author succeed completely in putting the reviewer on the bridge of the *Mikasa*.

Blond is at his poorest when he turns historian to explain the times that formed Togo's personality and career. He errs both in interpretation and factual accuracy. He appears to be unaware of the complex internal forces at work in Japan from 1853 to 1864 among the shogunate, Imperial Court, and *daimyo*. Surely, the southern *daimyos'* espousal of *Jo-i* cannot be explained as merely xenophobia. British Admiralty records disagree with Blond's affixing blame for the burning of Kagoshima in 1863 to the storm that caused rolling ships to overfire the forts. The British were using incendiary rockets to produce the conflagration.

Blond tries to bring Togo to life, but he simply does not seem to have adequate sources of information or the writing skill to do it. The author concludes the book, "For me, at least, his last words enable me to leave him not quite as we leave a stranger, a foreigner: 'I desire only to rest until the end. My thoughts turn to my emperor'—a sigh—'and to roses.'" There spoke the poet, but the reader has been totally unprepared for such words, for nowhere has he been told that the admiral was indeed consummately skilled in versifying.

Another matter merits serious discussion. The book is replete with errors in rendering Japanese names and words. Kichizaemon is first written correctly and thereafter is always written Kichizeamon (incorrectly). It is Ii Kamon no Kami, not Li Kamon no Kami, Hori not Hovi, Yamaguchi not Yalaguchi, *hakama* not *kakema*, *haori* not *haou*, Yoshinobu not Yoshinobo, and thus throughout the book. One hardly knows whom to blame. At any rate, while a reader may forgive and forget an occasional error, to find five in six lines (page 39) strains the patience too far.

This book certainly marks only a minor and indecisive skirmish with knowledge and literature.

Victorian Whirlwind

"The First Five Lives of Annie Besant," by Arthur H. Nethercot *(University of Chicago Press. 419 pp. $7.50), conveys the vitality of a versatile Victorian lady whose goal was to become a Mahatma. Gandhi, who stole her thunder, is the subject of Ranjee Shahani's next book.*

By Ranjee Shahani

A WITTY Frenchwoman once wrote a book called "A Pair of Trousers." What she meant to suggest was that, all said and done, England was a man's country, where the male of the human species cut such capers under high heavens as would make the angels weep. True, but true also of many other lands in East and West.

If the feminine half of our race has never received its due, there is little doubt that there have been, from time to time, women who have been more mannish than man. Think of Queen Elizabeth I. Or of Catherine de Medici. Or of the Indian Empress Nur Jehan.

Among these masterful women and others who could be mentioned, an honorable place must be given to Dr. Annie Besant. She crowded more activities into her life than are dreamt of by many of us. Indeed she did so many things so well that it is difficult to know what her secret *ambition* (the word is used in its French sense) was. Perhaps she was being driven along by forces stronger than herself until she reached the higher grounds of Hindustan, when the plan of her life unfolded itself to her in a blinding flash. Why, she would become a Mahatma. How wonderful! She would have succeeded in her aim had she not been too restless to be a mystic and had not Gandhi appeared on the scene and stolen her thunder.

But her attempt was magnificent, almost without parallel. She failed to be the High Priest of India, but she remained to the end a revered figure.

Dr. Besant's first five lives are recounted with a wealth of detail by Professor Arthur H. Nethercot, and several more of her lives will be put before us in a subsequent volume. There is no fear that the subject of inquiry will be buried under two heavy tomes. The author of this book writes simply and vigorously, fully aware of the value of literary chiaroscuro.

Dr. Besant emerges as a living and breathing figure, inspiring awe. She was a veritable geyser of energy. The more she burned the fiercer she became. Her early motto seems to have been; "Let me be consumed in giving light."

Her girlhood was typically Victorian—that is, from our point of view, atrocious. It oozed with almond-oily piety. This did not destroy her, but threw her back on her own resources. She achieved an education that was liberal in the best sense of that much- and ill-used word. She acquired a free mind, which is our ideal even today.

In 1867, at the age of twenty, she

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married the Reverend Frank Besant, an Anglican clergyman, who was as poetic as cabbage water. Her first night with him was horrible, and the honeymoon proved to be a nightmare. Being respectable Victorians, neither of them knew anything about sex, and yet they embarked on conjugal felicity. It turned out to be a huge fiasco. She lingered with her husband as long as she could; then she drifted away, seeking consolation in public life.

Here she quickly distinguished herself: by 1885 she was famous at home and abroad for her work as a freethinker, a radical agitator, an author-editor-publisher, a convert to Fabian Socialism, a teacher of science, and an educational reformer. As Bernard Shaw, who knew her well, admitted, she was the greatest woman orator of the century.

Not satisfied with the multitude of duties and obligations she had to contend with, Dr. Besant took on the added tasks of strike leader and union organizer. Then something happened to her: she turned her back on her past and plunged headlong into the whirlpool of occultism. Eventually she became Madame Blavatsky's successor and the international president of the stormy Theosophical Society. Prior to this event, she went to India, where she was honored so much that she became a president of the Indian National Congress. Now arose the desire to be a Mahatma. But that is another story, which Professor Nethercot will doubtless tell us in due course. The present book must be read; it is fascinating.

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Annie Besant—"a veritable geyser of energy."

Booksellers' Beliefs

"The Truth About a Publisher," by Sir Stanley Unwin *(Macmillan. 455 pp. $4.50), and* ***"The Rise and Fall of James Ripley Osgood," by Carl J. Weber*** *(Colby College Press. 283 pp. $8), show the book publishing process at its creative best through the work of two remarkable if very different men. Daniel Melcher served his book-trade apprenticeship under Sir Stanley and is now vice president of the R. R. Bowker Co., office of Publishers' Weekly.*

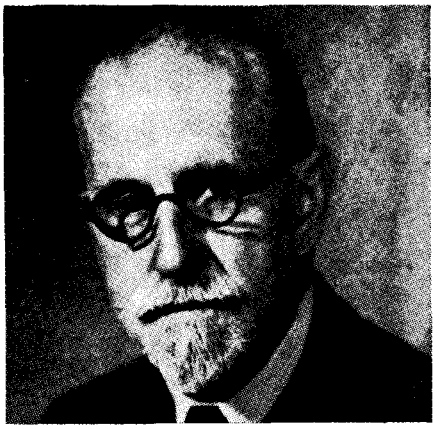
By Daniel Melcher

TWO MORE different men would be hard to find. Osgood's beat was the drawing rooms of Boston, New York, and London, with occasional side trips to talk or work with Charles Dickens, Joel Chandler Harris, Bret Harte, Walt Whitman, etc.; and he early learned at Ticknor and Fields (later Fields, Osgood and Co., then James R. Osgood and Co.) the publishing formula summarized by his biographer as "First find your author. Solicit his work. Then establish friendly and if possible cordial relations."

Unwin, whose relations with authors have been no less close, and whose authors have been hardly less eminent (Gandhi, Schweitzer, Waley, Laski, Hogben, Bertrand Russell, to name six), nevertheless gives more time to how to enlarge the world market for English books than to how to get "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" away from Macmillan. It was Unwin who in 1930 coined the phrase "trade follows the book," and he has undoubtedly made more personal calls on more booksellers in more countries than any other publisher.

Osgood better fits the popular picture of the publisher – dashing about signing up celebrities, entertaining lavishly at Delmonico's, persuading Mark Twain to make a book of "Life on the Mississippi" by taking him on an actual cruise of the river pilot's old haunts.

But Unwin's picture of publishing is certainly the more rounded one. He, too, has walked with greatness (mornings, on Hempstead Heath, with Ramsay MacDonald, for example); however, the picture that emerges from his autobiography is not one of literary teas but of hard-fought battles to free the book from tariffs and other restrictions, to extend international copyright protection, to strengthen the British and International Publishers' Associations,



Sir Stanley Unwin—"hard-fought battles."

and to persuade ruggedly individualistic publishers to cooperate for their own good on various trade operations.

It may be that Unwin's other book of similar title, "The Truth About Publishing," just released in its seventh revised edition, is still the best introduction *to publishing* for all involved in the book trade including authors, but "The Truth About a Publisher" is a remarkable introduction to a remarkable man and to the many ways in which he has applied outside his own business what Robert Frost calls "the blows that a life of self-control spares to strike for the common good." The chapter entitled "How to Make a Nuisance of Oneself" strikingly demonstrates how much more could be done about bureaucratic abuses if citizens were less passive.

Both histories are presented chronologically, though this may not be the best way to read them since real interest in a man's origins usually kindles only after some appreciation of his later achievements. In Unwin's book the chapter on "The Post-War Years" might make an interest-whetting beginning; in the Osgood book, perhaps the chapter "Poised on Top."

This reviewer remembers one personal experience that is typical of Unwin. In the winter of 1934-35 the book pages of the *London Sunday Times* were dominated with huge ads by Gollancz and Heineman and Hutchinson, who thereby got credit for "doing a lot" for their authors. I checked actual advertising lineage placed during that year, however, and found that Unwin's total ad lineage was larger, even though few authors or agents or other publishers were aware of it. Neither Unwin nor the other publishers really believed that advertising sells books, but whereas the other publishers had concluded that the best tactic was to handle their advertising so as to impress and attract authors, Unwin had used his to encourage and support those publications that were giving review space to books.

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The New Immorality

THE provost of one of our largest and most honored institutions told me not long ago that a questionnaire was distributed to his undergraduates and that 40 per cent refused to acknowledge that they believed cheating on examinations to be reprehensible.

Recently a reporter for a New York newspaper stopped six people on the street and asked them if they would consent to take part in a rigged television quiz for money. He reported that five of the six said yes. Yet most of these five, like most of the college cheaters, would probably profess a strong social consciousness. They may cheat, but they vote for foreign aid and for enlightened social measures.

These two examples exhibit a paradox of our age. It is often said, and my observation leads me to believe it true, that our seemingly great growth in social morality has oddly enough taken place in a world where private morality —a sense of the supreme importance of purely personal honor, honesty, and integrity—seems to be declining. Beneficent and benevolent social institutions are administered by men who all too frequently turn out to be accepting "gifts." The world of popular entertainment is rocked by scandals. College students, put on their honor, cheat on examinations. Candidates for the Ph.D. hire ghost writers to prepare their theses.

But, one may object, haven't all these things always been true? Is there really any evidence that personal dishonesty is more prevalent than it always was?

I have no way of making a historical measurement. Perhaps these things are not actually more prevalent. What I do know is that there is an increasing tendency to accept and take for granted such personal dishonesty. The bureaucrat and disk jockey say, "Well, yes, I took presents, but I assure you that I made just decisions anyway." The college student caught cheating does not even blush. He shrugs his shoulders and comments: "Everybody does it, and besides, I can't see that it really hurts anybody."

Jonathan Swift once said: "I have never been surprised to find men wicked, but I have often been surprised to find them not ashamed." It is my conviction that though men may be no more wicked than they always have been, they seem less likely to be ashamed. If everybody does it, it must be right. Honest, moral, decent mean only what is usual. This is not really a wicked world, because morality means mores or manners and usual conduct is the only standard.

The second part of the defense, "it really doesn't hurt anybody," is equally revealing. "It doesn't hurt anybody" means it doesn't do that abstraction called society any harm. The harm it did the bribe-taker and the cheater isn't important; it is purely personal. And personal as opposed to social decency doesn't count for much. Sometimes I am inclined to blame sociology for part of this paradox. Sociology has tended to lay exclusive stress upon social morality, and tended too often to define good and evil as merely the "socially useful" or its reverse.

What social morality and social conscience leave out is the narrower but very significant concept of honor—as opposed to what is sometimes called merely "socially desirable conduct." The man of honor is not content to ask merely whether this or that will hurt society, or whether it is what most people would permit themselves to do. He asks, and he asks first of all, would it hurt him and his self-respect? Would it dishonor him personally?

It was a favorite and no doubt sound argument among early twentieth-century reformers that "playing the game" as the gentleman was supposed to play it was not enough to make a decent society. They were right; it is not enough. But the time has come to add that it is nevertheless indispensable. I hold that it is indeed inevitable that the so-called social conscience unsupported by the concept of personal honor will create a corrupt society. But suppose that it doesn't? Suppose that no one except the individual suffers from the fact that he sees nothing wrong in doing what everybody else does? Even so, I still insist that for the individual himself nothing is more important than this personal, interior sense of right and wrong and his determination to follow that rather than to be guided by what everybody does or merely the criterion of "social usefulness." It is impossible for me to imagine a good society composed of men without honor.

We hear it said frequently that what present-day men most desire is security. If that is so, then they have a wrong notion of what the real, the ultimate, security is. No one who is dependent on anything outside himself, upon money, power, fame, or whatnot, is or ever can be secure. Only he who possesses himself and is content with himself is actually secure. Too much is being said about the importance of adjustment and "participation in the group." Even cooperation, to give this thing its most favorable designation, is no more important than the ability to stand alone when the choice must be made between the sacrifice of one's own integrity and adjustment to or participation in group activity.

No matter how bad the world may become, no matter how much the mass man of the future may lose such of the virtues as he still has, one fact remains. If one person alone refuses to go along with him, if one person alone asserts his individual and inner right to believe in and be loyal to what his fellow men seem to have given up, then at least he will still retain what is perhaps the most important part of humanity. —JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MANNERS AND MEDALS

ONE DOES NOT have to believe in all the policies of the American Legion to read with disgust and dismay the approbation given by Cleveland Amory to the outrageously bad manners of a Westbury, New York, high school student in publicly refusing to accept a Legion citizenship award [*SR*, July 2].

It is bad enough in these days when an organization, which at least stands for basic American patriotism, is flouted by callow youth brought up in an era that seems to inculcate a spirit of antitraditionalism and the view that America owes them everything and they owe it nothing.

But for a . . . writer to be allowed space in a recognized American magazine to "commend" such lack of basic manners is really carrying a bad thing too far. . . .

RIGNAL W. BALDWIN.

Baltimore, Md.

BULLY FOR Stephen Bayne and for *SR*'s Cleveland Amory. . . .

BEATRICE T. ZEECK.

Plainview, Tex.

OUT OF FOCUS

IN READING over and over again your special issue "Photography—Newest of the Fine Arts" [May 28], I am compelled to utter a strong protest, for what has come out of a seemingly fine idea is confusion, contradiction, and at times ignorance. Photography is new—new to whom? Stieglitz was convinced that photography was an art back in 1900, as were Steichen, White, and Atget.

Ivan Dmitri says that this show is "a serious and sustained effort to have photography accepted as a fine art." I would think that a museum opening its doors to an exhibition such as the one the Metropolitan Museum is showing is indication enough that it has been "accepted." Does Mr. Dmitri, when he uses the word "accepted," think in terms of the culture-seekers who invade museums? If this is the case, then Mr. Dmitri has set a dangerous precedent, not only for photography but for every other art form as well.

I wish also to clarify a distorted point made by Alexander Eliot. He states, "Certain photographers feel that their work can be judged only by fellow photographers or at least photography editors." He goes on to say that it should be judged as art, by men devoted to the whole range and significance of art. These statements were triggered by a letter sent to the Metropolitan Museum by a group of photographers who felt upset by the way the show was being handled. I, as well as these and many other photographers, feel that when a museum is having a show of the size and scope of the one at the Metropolitan, it should have on its jury men who understand the medium they are judging. Photography is no stepchild, nor should it be treated as a young adolescent finally coming of age. Grace Mayer, Minor White, Beaumont Newhall, Edward Steichen—where were those names? . . .

The points made by A. Hyatt Mayor show an appalling lack of knowledge, considering the position he holds at the Metropolitan. His comments concerning the relationship of painting to photography are completely irrelevant. In trying to find a relationship between the two media, he has destroyed the inherent characteristics of each. . . .

The show and this issue of *SR* were a great disappointment. . . .

HERB SNITZER,
Photography Editor,
Metronome.

New York, N.Y.

IVAN DMITRI REPLIES

PFA SHOULD NOT be regarded as the only organization trying to have photography recognized as a fine art; we are only one of several such organizations. Our method is to have photography studied and judged by those who have devoted their lives to esthetic aspects of the visual arts; other methods may also have validity.

One measure of the success of PFA is that some 25,000 people are visiting the Metropolitan Museum of Art every week to see the current show.

Incidentally, Grace Mayer, Beaumont Newhall, and Edward Steichen were all invited to serve on this year's jury; each declined.

IVAN DMITRI,
Director, PFA.

New York, N.Y.

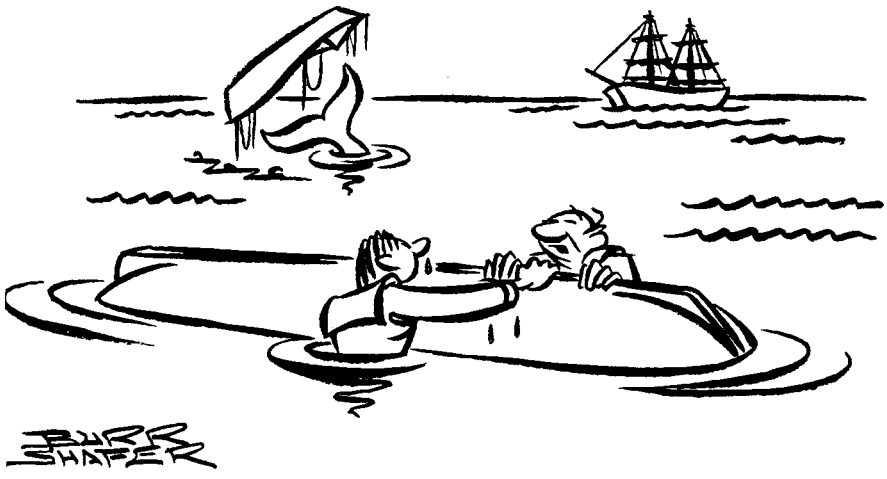
A. HYATT MAYOR REPLIES

MR. SNITZER'S comments on our photographic show charm me with their candor. He writes from the heart—a heart that I would not think of trying to dissuade. I am probably guilty of un-American activity, but I abhor anything approaching the missionary, and I passionately believe that an honest difference of opinion can do nothing but good.

I would run to applaud a show of painting and sculpture chosen by Mr. White, Miss Mayer, Mr. Newhall, and Mr. Steichen, for where could one get eyes that have looked longer or deeper into works of art? If I had the privilege of knowing Mr. Snitzer, I might also root for him as a one-man jury for art in general. Our father's house has many mansions, and I could settle down in almost any.

A. HYATT MAYOR, Curator,
Department of Prints,
Metropolitan Museum of Art.

New York, N.Y.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"This is my last voyage! Maine needs a new industry and I'm going back to start canning sardines."

SECOND LOOK

HORACE SUTTON notes in his article "Once Around Tahiti" [*SR*, July 2] that Rupert Brooke was killed in France. Perhaps, on his second time around, Mr. Sutton will discover that Brooke died of blood poisoning at Skyros.

ARTHUR A. REAMS.

McLean, Va.

BEAUTY AND THE BEATS

KATHARINE KUH'S interview with Mark Tobey [*SR*, July 2] was very literate and made good reading. However, his statement "If I don't do anything else in my painting life, I will smash form" is inconsistent with his admiration of Turner, Cézanne, Rembrandt. In this era of muddleheadedness, confusion, and haste, we should, I believe, stick to coherent thinking; form in art, music, and literature is still important, despite beatnik poetry and literature.

BERYL GARROTT.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

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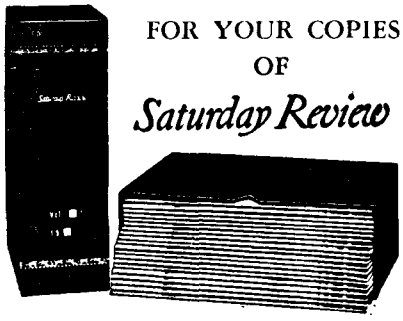

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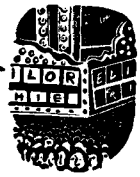

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

In Search of Serenity

JOHN O'HARA's lengthy novel **"From the Terrace"** has been converted by Mark Robson into a flabby chronicle about a young man who makes his way in the world of finance while losing out on the joys of marriage, at least until he can transfer his affections to a second wife. Mr. O'Hara's book took place largely during the years following World War I; Ernest Lehman's screen adaptation sets the scene in the years following World War II. This fairly drastic change should absolve Mr. O'Hara from any direct complicity in what has happened to his book. Mark Robson is the director (and producer) who found cinematic gold—and even some quality—in "Peyton Place," and he should certainly have been able to find more promising material in "From the Terrace." There's a sentimental streak in Mr. Robson, though, that often insists on showing through, except in the work of his earlier days when he was editing and directing neat little horror films for the late Val Lewton. Unfortunately, sentiment and John O'Hara seldom mix well—at least on the screen.

So we find the hero, Alfred Eaton (played competently by Paul Newman), animated by the solidly American notion of getting ahead until he discovers that peace of mind is more important. Naturally, he then throws over all the material gains he has made to find a haven in the arms of a nice little girl from a Pennsylvania coal town. This grand climax is the least interesting of the adventures that happen to the young man during nearly two and a half hours of screen time. We first meet him arriving home from the war to find his mother (Myrna Loy) a chronic drunk, his father cherishing the memory of a dead son but counting on Alfred to come into the family steel mill with him. Alfred, after beating up a man who has been carrying on an affair with his mother, prefers the more cosmopolitan life of New York and Southampton. He meets and marries a beautiful daughter of a DuPont executive (conquering the latter's objections to his inferior social status) and then gets busy going up the ladder. Horatio Alger might have conceived the scenes in which he rescues the young grandson of a Wall Street tycoon and is offered a job in the latter's plush firm. But Alger would have had him eventually taking over the firm. Alfred gives it all up, in a last-ditch effort to save his integrity.

Yet there are some reasonably interesting moments during which Joanne Woodward, who plays the girl he has romantically married, turns into a dissatisfied bitch of the first water as she flaunts her infidelities in the busy young man's face and eventually offers him a quasi-freedom. That is, each can do as he or she pleases, so long as the marriage exists as a respectable front. Respectability is an important surface to maintain in Wall Street, it is made amply clear. (O'Hara, remember, was writing about the post-World War I era, when morals were not supposed to be quite so relaxed.) The trouble throughout the movie is that no one seems to know exactly what point is being made. The significance of the story, I suspect, has eluded everyone concerned. It becomes another movie tale of a man who finds true love the hard way. The true love, by the way, is the department of Ina Balin, the very picture of the sweet, nice girl every mother would like her son to marry. As for the mother, Myrna Loy, she unaccountably is lost in the onward rush of events.

ALMOST equally drawn out is **"Song Without End,"** subtitled "The Story of Franz Liszt." Liszt, as portrayed in this William Goetz production, was a tortured young man who loved the wild applause of audiences for his virtuosity, but was also drawn to the serenity of the church. To ease the pangs of his soul, he seeks fulfillment through several women, takes as his mistress a former countess, then develops a passion for a Russian princess. None of this is too far off the historical mark; it just seems so in the movie, which has a sound-track that periodically belts out compositions of Liszt, Chopin, Wagner, Bach, and other romantic and classical composers. The scene in which Liszt gets the notion for the "Hungarian Rhapsody" is one of those unwitting gems. He goes back to his native village, a piano is dragged outside, the villagers gather around joyously—and the rest can easily be imagined. At the end we find Liszt in a monastery high on the hills of Rome, a peaceful man at last. If Dirk Bogarde is no Liszt, neither is Capucine, a former French model, a Russian princess. It would be more charitable to avoid mentioning the remainder of the cast, since almost everyone appears to be stiff and uncomfortable in the enterprise.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Off-Loop Theatre

CHICAGO.

SINCE the name Chicago has always been associated with jazz, it may come as no surprise that the Windy City has come up with a jazzy new 320-seat theatre. Called the Happy Medium, it is midway between a night club and a playhouse. For instance, it has rows of seats facing a stage, but each seat is equipped with a built-in ashtray and drink-holder. And while one buys tickets at a box office for a performance (the drinks are optional and served only at intermissions), there are two shows, rather than just one, each evening.

In this day, when theatres are being torn down to make room for parking lots to accommodate the people who are attending the diminishing cluster of remaining theatres, it is a great rarity for a new professional theatre to be planned and built from the ground up. Yet oddly enough the Happy Medium came about not as the impractical notion of a wealthy art patron, but because of the realistic vision of George and Oscar Marionthal. These men have been edging into the legitimate theatre first as operators of restaurants offering entertainment, and then as operators of a night club called Mister Kelly's, which gave early recognition to such now-budded talents as Shelley Berman and Elaine May and Mike Nichols. To design the theatre they engaged Broadway scene-designer Ralph Alswang. Mr. Alswang took a look at the rectangular piece of property on Rush Street and made the unorthodox decision to place his stage along the long wall rather than the short, where it is usually put. While this meant a severe sacrifice of stage depth (which makes the use of much literalistic scenery impossible), it guaranteed a feeling of intimacy by providing an auditorium in which the worst seats are only seven rows from the stage. It also tends to spread wide the action; in order to justify this, Mr. Alswang designated the sidemost area on each side as a side stage. Then, to combat the monotony and severity that would be created by a long, straight stage front, he allowed the stage to bow out in a graceful arc, and curved the walls adjacent to the stage opening. This necessitated a curved curtain track that can be moved in somewhat the same manner as the straight curtains and tracks in "The Threepenny Opera."

Indeed, the Happy Medium would seem ideal for "The Threepenny Opera" kind of show. And its opening attraction is a musical revue satirizing both political and social foibles. Titled "Medium Rare," it consists of numbers culled from Off-Broadway revues plus several added starters. Producer Robert Weiner and director Bill Penn have gathered together some highly skilled performers who have that extra assurance one expects in night club entertainment. The evening moves quickly, and the best sketch is one called "Coffee," which features Jerry Stiller as a psychotic romantic and Anne Meara as the girl he showers at first sight with the clichés of unrequited love. The most substantial of the songs is "Ism," with lyrics by Sheldon Harnick, a Chicago boy who this season received one-third of a Pulitzer Prize as the lyricist of "Fiorello." Bobo Lewis sings this sarcastically to the safest kind of ism, a prism made of glass. Effective, too, is Jean Arnold with a mock torch song titled "Garbage," and with a catty monologue called "Couldn't Be Happier."

Some of the scenes seem to go over more because the audience is in a laughing mood than because of their dramatic virtues. Noticeably thin sketches in this category are one in which we see an innocuous British playlet as it might be performed by an American cast addicted to a pseudo-Tennessee Williams approach, and another of "Medea" as it might be prettied up in one of Walt Disney's productions.

But if "Medium Rare" is no great shakes as theatre, it does serve to crack the ice in what has always been regarded as a tough town for touring shows. And one senses that the Marionthals will edge closer to a fuller theatrical commitment in productions to come. Perhaps the Happy Medium will even originate a new form of entertainment, combining the unpretentiousness of night club music with the dramatic exploding of life's normalities into the logical but absurd conclusions that make up the theatre.

—HENRY HEWES.

An Adriatic Idyll

By Arthur Freeman

THE sky, a blue bell, married Sunday
to festivity, one day
in Brindisi. Nones chimed; I followed
where a children's cortege led,

down cobblestone streets to a small square
on the water. Milling there
were a Sunday crowd, an eight-piece band.
A raft, detached from the mainland,

bounced lightly on bay-waves. I could see,
strung over water from a clothesline, three
live geese, necks dangling, trussed, while ten
locals dove out after them

in costume—missed, and missed again;
regaining the raft, dove again,
clutched, missed, and somersaulted, splashed
down, and bobbed up. And the birds thrashed,

honking as the band blared by me.
All of us cheered crazily,
though in the end no writhing goose
was pulled. At last, they were let loose.

I stayed. Somehow the afternoon
slipped past: in time, the hung moon
palely rose; sun sunk to cold,
and, low and leaden, thunder tolled.

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TV AND RADIO

The Big Suspense

THE BIG suspense in the broadcasting industry is not next season's program schedules; these are arranging themselves in Hollywood and New York along nonrevolutionary lines. The big suspense is: Just how "tough" is the new FCC chairman, Frederick W. Ford, the West Virginia attorney who succeeded former chairman John C. Doerfer. The new chairman has been a commissioner since 1957; and if he has demonstrated any strong regulatory views during his service, they have not been readily apparent to the public. He has come to the commission's leadership, however, at a time of explosive criticism of TV and radio; and the weather vanes of the industry have signaled trouble ahead. The tension is significant; the pattern of court rulings in the past suggests that the FCC does have stronger powers over the industry than it has chosen to exercise in the last fifteen years.

Attitudes have been attributed to Chairman Ford by the press; but recently he himself revealed fragments of what appears to be his basic regulatory philosophy. They are hardly promising to viewers who look for marked improvement in the vital area of program balance. The unveiling came in Washington when Mr. Ford appeared on "City Side," a panel-discussion program presented by WTOP, the *Washington Post* station. Chairman Ford, after commenting on the excessive violence of some programs, said that "by and large the TV programing *is—if* you are *selective—very* enjoyable." He declared, "Of all the mass media, TV and radio are best able to lead the country in a more spiritual and serious revival of integrity." Mr. Ford holds that the criteria for judgment on program balance rest with the individual licensee and not with the FCC. To determine what to broadcast, a station owner should find out what his community wants. Commenting on a hypothetical case put to him by a panelist, the chairman saw no objection to a station in a 98 per cent rural community (with no competition) broadcasting absolutely nothing but rock-'n'-roll, if the licensee could prove by audience research that this was what the public wanted.

THE same rock-'n'-roller, in a ten-station market, could still justifiably broadcast nothing but rock-'n'-roll, if the nine other stations programed differently, provided he had evidence that his exclusive programing of rock-'n'-roll was what the public wanted. Unless I am wrong, this is the give-the-public-what-it-wants, cultural democracy, let-the-majority-be-served philosophy which has always ruled commercial broadcasting in this country. If the FCC, under Chairman Ford, operates by this guideline, the industry need not fear any stricter regulation, in spite of the commission's new $200,000 Complaints and Compliance Division of the Broadcast Bureau. "Taste . . . program content . . . things of that sort . . . are out of the Commission's jurisdiction," asserted the commission chairman. A typical complaint that *is* in the FCC's jurisdiction, in Mr. Ford's words, is "I sent fifty cents to a radio station and I didn't get my tin horn." There you have it, informal but forthright—the new chairman's position right in the middle of all prevailing winds. In fairness, it is yet too early to freeze judgment on Commissioner Ford's future posture; perhaps there are surprises in store. Nevertheless, so important is the FCC chairman's power, and so significant are his attitudes for the future of broadcasting, that the remarks he made on WTOP demand attention.

The answer to this familiar "cultural democracy" argument of the broadcasters is usually given by critics and outsiders. It is refreshing to have a rebuttal at hand "not from a nonparticipating academician but by an active West Coast broadcaster who has worked in every facet of the business including sales, for two major networks, and in the major markets of New York, Chicago, and San Francisco." Mr. Yale Roe, of KGO-TV in San Francisco (ABC), has written an eighty-five-page manuscript called "A Television Manifesto." "The treatise," prefaces Mr. Roe, "represents my eleven years of frustration at the appalling lack of responsibility on the part of such inordinate industry influence and power." Mr. Roe claims that his unique tract, which might well interest an alert publisher, "realistically integrates the demands for service to the public with the financial responsibilities of the industry." Readers may not accept all of the author's controversial recommendations for change or find them practical or desirable. The ABC-TV broadcaster argues that the terms "cultural democracy" and "freedom of taste," which are used in support of mass programing, are merely "highly emotional and attractive phrases, not sustained by history, law, or common practice."

"The people do not rule economically, voting themselves whatever income they deem satisfactory. . . . The public does not vote on what drugs are to be marketed. . . . Does freedom of worship mean that all Americans shall worship as the majority wishes, etc.? In TV, freedom of taste does not mean programing that the majority enjoys . . . it means a variety of programing to satisfy various tastes, so that an individual may choose."

"The responsibilities of broadcasting," Mr. Roe concludes, "must not be dismissed by rationalizing that when broadcasters act to deliver the largest audiences to their advertisers, they are in effect upholding freedom of taste and cultural democracy." Mr. Roe appeals to his industry to work out a code, a frame of reference for licensing by the FCC. This San Francisco commercial broadcaster, it appears, is "tougher" than the new FCC Chairman. How representative are his views, and would any of his brethren care to disagree?

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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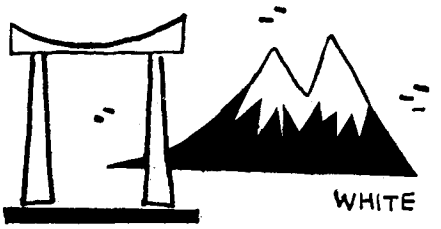


Prelude to a Time of Chaos

"East Wind Rising," by Belman Morin *(Knopf. 359 pp. $5), reminisces about a pre-Communist Shanghai and Peking. Formerly director of Radio Hong Kong and a BBC Far East correspondent, David Keith Hardy lectures and writes in the United States about Asia.*

By David Keith Hardy

PAT MORIN, a veteran A.P. correspondent in many parts of the world, opens the floodgate of his memory of China and Japan prior to World War II—in the days before our looking-glass century inverted enemies and allies. Writing in a warm and very personal way, not so much about things and facts as about ideas and people, Mr. Morin brings vividly to life the tangled skein of American relations with the two great powers of Eastern Asia. Brought up in a pre-celluloid Los Angeles farmed by the Japanese, he learned at an early age about "race prejudice, particularly if you grow up in an atmosphere of it . . . an odorless, colorless poison gas." Starting with the first importation of Chinese to California to work on the railroads, the author traces briefly the history of Chinese and Japanese immigration to this country and the subsequent legislative and other actions taken against "The Yellow Peril"—particularly the Japanese—such as the Alien Landholding Bill, the "Gentlemen's Agreement," the Exclusion Act, and the "Quarantine" speech—paving steps on the road to Pearl Harbor.

However, this book is not focused on political events in particular—nor on the political leaders with whom *per se* a newspaperman is thrown into contact. It is rather the writings of a man who likes all sorts of people and who has the genuine knack of bringing them to life on paper. In so doing, the warp and woof of history are inevitably created in his thoughts and deeds and words—largely by osmosis.

This is vivid descriptive reporting. Here is a Shanghai remembered by many Americans and many Chinese (in fact, many people the world over) with warmth and affection. And here, too, is the antithesis, a Shanghai that was the symbol of white supremacy and colonialism and the privileges of gunboat diplomacy and extra-territoriality. "A wicked city—cynical, cruel, dangerous. . . . A wonderful city, filled with kind, generous, good people . . . and a truly gay place."

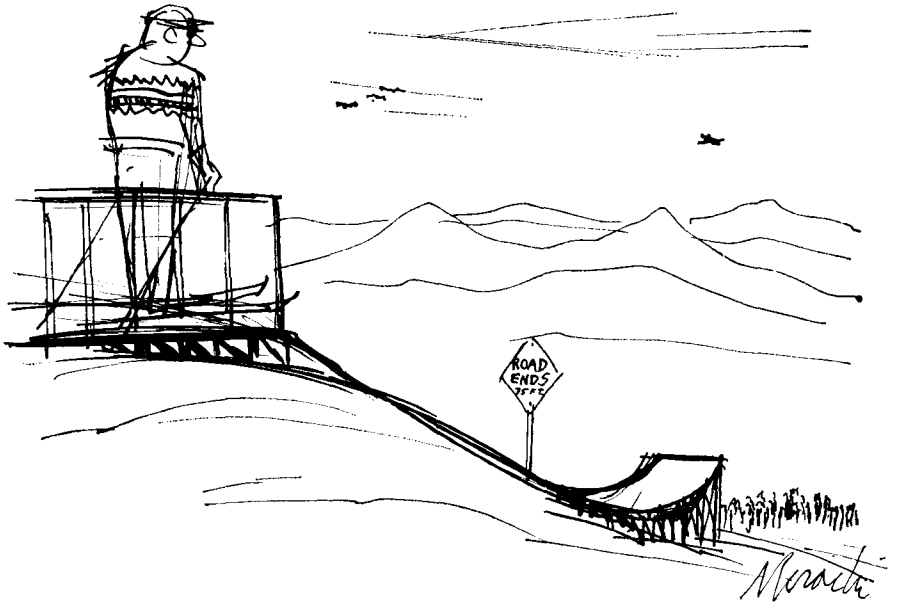
Arriving from Pomona College in 1929, one of a group of ten students assigned to study the Asian Revolution in Asian colleges, Pat Morin went first to Japan, then to Canton, and from there northwards by stages to Peking and Manchuria. In those chaotic days of warlordism and embryonic Nationalist government there was little that escaped this reporter's eye: from bandits to professional spies, Communist cells to opium parlors—and everywhere grinding poverty jostling history and fomenting further revolution.

Two chapters in the book are particularly moving to this reviewer. The first is a description of Mr. Morin's first sight of Peking: "the glory of the world . . . one gigantic object of art . . . no city in the world so nobly conceived, so majestic. Peking is beyond comparison." The second is of a famine in the desert of Suiyuan and a former American Marine major, O. J. Todd, who "lived only for his ditch," an irrigation canal that would join the Yellow River to the Black River, thus returning life to 350,000 acres of potentially rich plain. It is a Kiplingesque portrait of the pre-Point Four American engineer and the vicissitudes he meets.

THIS is a good book, encompassing much and written with a wry sense of humor and warmth. China is always too vast a subject, Japan too inhibited. Pat Morin saw them in crucial times, and the handwriting on the wall was all too apparent, although the hindsight is the reviewer's, not Mr. Morin's. But one wonders why more of these words were not printed in the newspapers at the time they passed through the mind of the author. Perhaps Al Meyer, managing editor of the *Shanghai Evening Post,* summed it up well when Morin took his first job and asked permission to write a story about the conditions in Yangtzeepoo, where Shanghai's industrial revolution stood frozen in mid-nineteenth-century conditions:

> Nothing new in that, pal. It's new to you, but not to people here. Don't want to discourage you, pal, but it's been like that for years. In fact conditions used to be much worse. The Old Hands could tell you things that would curl your hair. Only they don't like to talk about things like that.

Even to those not too familiar with the Far East, this book will make good reading and in particular will help focus some of the specific events that led to the Pacific War as seen through the eyes of a perceptive observer. But, more importantly, this is a book about human dignity felt by a human being who appreciates his fellow man—in his wisdoms and in his follies.



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Resilient, Resigned and Resourceful

"All the Emperor's Horses," by David Kidd *(Macmillan. 190 pp. $3.50), chronicles the days after Peking's "liberation." Mary Kersey Harvey, a member of the Saturday Review staff, lived in China before the advent of Mao.*

By Mary Kersey Harvey

"IF YOU would blame them, you find nothing to allege. If you would criticize them, you have nothing to criticize. They agree with current customs. They consent with an impure age. . . . On this account they are called 'thieves of virtue.'"

David Kidd's collection of stories about the Communist take-over of Peking (1949-50) makes evident that what Mencius said in 200 B.C. still holds true. Neither the "decadent capitalists" nor the Communists emerge as "good" or "bad." Kidd seems to have "nothing to criticize." Instead, he describes an "impure age."

Candid and droll, his chronicle of the days after Peking's "liberation" is without sentimentality or polemic. The only comment comes from the members of the rich, tradition-laden Chinese family into which he married, and in the way he develops vignette after vignette to illustrate the jagged contrasts of Old and New China, of the living and dying, of Westerner and Easterner, of young and old.

Kentuckian Kidd belongs to that genre of writers (Pearl Buck, Daniele Varé, Nora Wahn, Ann Bridge, and others) who find Peking a kind of "other world" where Western values and judgments are irrelevant, where color and inexorability are the only truths. His detachment lifts his work above much of that written by foreigners about "post-liberation" China. It is apolitical, almost philosophical, always entrancing.

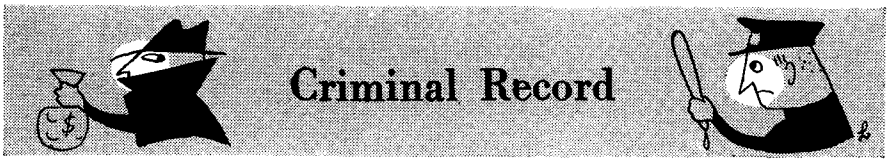
Scene after scene reveals a Chinese resilience, resignation, and resourcefulness scarcely comprehensible to the West. As soon as the Communist soldiers quartered in a wing of the Yu mansion evacuated, Ninth Sister installed a stocking machine and went to work. Kidd confessed: "I was somewhat abashed. . . . I could take my wife and leave China anytime I wanted to, but Ninth Sister was already planning to build a life for herself, to see that her family made its way in a society she could not yet begin to understand."

Although there was talk of suicide, no one lost any of his appetites. The family even spent a large portion of its waning fortune on a Feast of the Dead. Their behavior was typical: "A few tried to follow the Buddhist chants . . . the rest appeared bored. Ninth Sister was furiously cracking watermelon seeds, while Third Sister knitted. Second Brother and Second Sister's husband were involved in a dispute that, I could hear over the chants, concerned a missing chicken."

Of their Moon-and-Flowering-Viewing Party, staged in "celebration" of the imminent dispersion of the family, Mr. Kidd writes: "A huge moon appeared over the wall of the garden. . . . The fruit tree blossoms reflecting the orange and blue lights of the lanterns hung like cheese-cloth veils receding, one behind another, into the remote corners of the garden. The petals of the trees, already past their prime, were falling, thick and glittering." Away through endless courtyards sat old Manchu Aunt Chin exhorting the dancers: "You out there in the garden, celebrating your own end, are nothing . . . however you may dress!"

At midnight a storm began. Within minutes the air was heavy with Peking dust. Guests "waded through piles of petals, clutching their costumes, carrying broken headdresses." The Pavilion of Harmonious Virtues collapsed in the gale. And Aunt Chin was heard shouting to the Communist police who had come to investigate the strange "dance meeting": "You are all imposters. You know nothing of the history of China, and yet you are trying to imitate the illustrious prodigals of antiquity, who also went down to their own destruction."

Aunt Chin is probably lying with her ancestors now. The other Yus have had to assimilate or perish. It would be good if David Kidd could one day return to Peking and write their sequel.



THE TRUE STORY OF BILLY THE KID. *By William Lee Hamlin. Caxton.* $6. Detailed account of the career of youngest Western outlaw, based on extensive study of record and interviews; several scenes admittedly "reconstructed"; author thinks subject got bad deal; good pix. Lively presentation.

LIFE HAS NO PRICE. *By Desmond O' Neill. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Dublin smuggler jolted when car crashes pal; certain it was murder, he starts looking around; Cork visited, also Ulster border; overtones of Joyce present. Unusual setting adds to interest.

RUN FOR COVER. *By John Welcome. Knopf.* $2.95. Amateur steeplechase rider (English) pursues traitor compatriot who once tried to kill him and also stole his girl; most of action is on Riviera; pawky publisher present. Some corn, but has real speed.

TO KILL A KILLER. *By Kyle Hunt. Random House.* $2.95. Vengeful Englishman plots demise of woman who was chief witness against his wife in murder trial; his sister, learning of plan, is in desperate quandary. Unusual terminal surprise twist.

THE CASE OF THE CARELESS THIEF. *By Christopher Bush. Macmillan.* $2.95. Ludovic Travers, impressive London eye and Yard aide, moves on seaside spa to handle robbery insurance detail; death by violence supervenes; eating accomplished regularly. Cozy and comfortable.

DEATH OF A LADIES' MAN. *By Lee Roberts. Gold Medal.* 25¢. Amorous Buckeye State cop's murder produces numerous prime suspects; good local police wrap it up, but nice Dr. Clint Shannon has share. Up to author's usual high standard.

CRIME IN GOOD COMPANY. *Edited by Michael Gilbert. The Writer,* 8 *Arlington St., Boston* 16. $3.95. Fourteen top-drawer mystery producers, largely British, discuss evildoing and how to write about it in a choice knowledgeable clutch of essays.

CAT AMONG THE PIGEONS. *By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Revolution in Near East sparks events that repercuss in murder in swank gal-school in England; Hercule Poirot pops in on page 160. An honest-to-Betsy Christie twister. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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Personal History

Continued from page 19

be able to continue working in England, while pretending to a part of himself that his mind, at least, is in India? We do not know that, either; but, I think, neither does he. There is no deception here.

"Walking the Indian Streets" is a good book in its special genre. I hope that Ved Mehta will now move on from the impressionist essay to the larger canvas of the novel, bypassing the weighty tome about India's influence, etc., which he does not seem particularly qualified to write. Changing Mr. Nehru's emphasis—India may not be able to afford novelists, but she needs them. Mr. Mehta could be better than anyone now writing in this field.

INTERCONTINENTAL PRANKS: Philip K. Saunders is an inventor-engineer who has been roaming all over the world since the end of World War I. When he was a young man in the backwoods of Brazil he once fell asleep on a train and woke to find that a spark from the engine had set his trousers on fire. From that time on he was known to his co-workers as Dr. Panto Fogo (Dr. Pants on Fire). In his very witty and often ribald memoir, **"Dr. Panto Fogo"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95), the candid Mr. Saunders gives an uninhibited and lively account of his escapades on four continents. He confesses blithely he never quit a job. He was always fired—usually for having engineering ideas that were far ahead of his time.

Once when he was an engineer of a gold mining operation he watched his African servant inflate a bicycle tire from a high-pressure air main. The tire promptly blew up but it gave Saunders an idea: suppose one had a valve that would regulate the flow of air. Out of his nimble brain there emerged what is now known all over the world as the "Saunders valve." This made him a millionaire and put him into, he claims, a 98 per cent tax bracket. His narrative ends with the end of World War II, and undoubtedly there is a second book in the making. It should receive a hearty welcome. Mr. Saunders is incapable of writing a dull paragraph.

—Quentin Reynolds.

JUST ANOTHER BILLIONAIRE: J. Paul Getty was born rich, as is the right of any good American boy. His Midwestern corporation-lawyer father went into the oil business in California, and his son followed in his footsteps. At the age of sixty-seven the son was in control of five oil companies—Getty (the family company), Tidewater, Skelly, Mission Corporation, and Mission Development—and he was the owner of office buildings, hotels, a fleet of tankers, as well as airplane and trailor factories.

How he got control of this "empire" is a complex story, but Ralph Hewins's detailed accounts in **"The Richest American"** (Dutton, $5) can be followed easily enough. The secret of Getty's "success" is threefold. He had a large stake to begin with; he bought at low prices and held for the rise; and he *knows* oil, from the shale up.

Having made his first million by the time he was twenty-four, Getty's habits were formed. He went on making more millions. Pretty soon the millions didn't matter, but the making of them, the "game," did; and so he has spent the rest of his life adding to his rather (one would gather) self-devastating wealth. He lives in hotel rooms, spends inordinate hours with his business papers, seldom visits his "empire" (he has never seen his own biggest refinery), and apparently enjoys his obsessive life, the company of women, talk about art, history, and philosophy, and wishes that people would treat him as just another person, not as the richest (nonresident) American.

Mr. Hewins, a British journalist, has crowded his pages with detail and brought his subject to life in a Sunday-feature way. Anyone who collects billionaires should read this book.

—Karl Schriftgiesser.

To Rico Lebrun and Anger at Buchenwald

By Jeanette Nichols

DIALED to death
by the cruel simplicity
of numbers, one came back

to tell of crude arabic limbs
and a message sprawled
haphazardly in a pit.

And one came back
to paint a geometry of death
and frighten all the nice ladies

in their lace collars gliding into
museums, making appalled ohs
into the fine arts air.

One came back to cite humanity
in black and white carnage
of breast and buttocks,

came back to weep
for the human circumstance
and purify his fingers with brutality.

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(Continued on page 30)

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(Continued from page 29)

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Michelangeli—"delicately brings out the melodic line in the left hand."

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PIANIST WITHOUT PORTFOLIO

By JAN HOLCMAN

BOLZANO, ITALY.

THE BIRDS that sing most beautifully are not necessarily the ones most frequently heard. Although appearing but rarely on the world's concert platforms, the phenomenal forty-year-old Italian pianist Benedetti Michelangeli is idolized even by some distinguished rivals. Knowing little about the man himself, I was fascinated by my first experience with his recordings. Familiarity with his dynamic art and awareness of the compelling personality behind it drew me to Bolzano, where I spent fourteen invigorating and memorable hours with him. Not only, however, with Michelangeli the virtuoso. My celebrated vis-à-vis, a tall, handsome man, also turned out to be a devoted mountaineer; he had served as wartime pilot in the air force, leaving with the rank of lieutenant ("I prefer to fly even now; as a pilot I get reduced fares"); and he made good use of his early medical training in the field. During the war, Michelangeli suffered hand injuries in a German prison, but managed to escape after eight months. Those same strong, well-shaped hands, which handle the most difficult and the most simple keyboard pieces with equal mastery and sensitivity, are able to manifest a like measure of control behind the wheel. Michelangeli twice did the famous Mille Miglia run, and was winning racing car prizes about the same time that he was winning the first prize in the 1939 International Piano Competition in Geneva. He is not one of those pianists who—as he so aptly puts it—"opens the door with his elbow to protect his hands."

With such a background, it is little wonder that Michelangeli is surrounded by a thick fog of gossip and controversy. In fact, he remains as much of a mystery to his students as he is to his ardent admirers (and enemies) in many parts of the world. While recalling some alleged incidents, his remarkably handsome face often broke into an amused smile. Had I not known that I was talking to a pianist, I might have taken him for one of those imposing actors who can cover the whole range of human emotions from the noble to the savage, even though his facial expressions only slightly hinted at inner changes. There are definitely two Michelangelis. One is legend, one is real. According to some stories, Michelangeli now and then failed to show up for his own sold-out recitals, or played his program faster just to be in time for an appointment dear to him. He is said to enjoy the "lower" comic books, and to get the highest fee ever paid in Italy for a concert performance: a million lire. He is, of course, a lady-killer, too. The quintessence of these modest attributes is condensed, he himself told me, in a book published in Italy, in which he is featured as an alcoholic, a drug addict, and what not!

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli was born at Brescia, Italy, on January 5, 1920 (at exactly 1 A.M., for the benefit of astrologists). He received his first "lesson" at the age of three and played the violin until he was ten years old, when a shoulder ailment forced him to give

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it up. Music even at that early age had become an integral part of his life, and he turned toward the organ. He also played the piano—only for himself. "For the most part I disliked the instrument in those days—too much bim-bam-banging." Eventually the piano did capture his interest, though for a while he also studied medicine. His father, a professional lawyer and amateur musician, decided that his son must continue the family tradition by taking a respectable job in the diplomatic service, which meant good-bye to the concert career he had just begun. He chose instead to say good-bye to the family, and left home to make a temporary living as an organist. In those confusing times the young Benedetti spent a year at the Laverna monastery to become a Franciscan brother. They gave him up. As far as he was concerned, the time spent in the monastery had not been wasted. He found there invaluable manuscripts of unpublished old music which he later performed at recitals.

MICHELANGELI offered to drive me the few miles to his temporary studio at a place called, perhaps prophetically, Appiano. The whole town knew who was driving that sports car. I found it easy to believe that one of his technicians had once been seized with an attack of hysteria during a drive at 165 kilometers per hour, had insisted on leaving the car in the middle of the road, and had refused to speak ever again to the daredevil maestro. I must admit that during our drive, which was for him adagio, I was slightly less relaxed than my driver, who in turn wondered how I could be so relaxed when we cut into traffic. He explained that the abnormal reflexes which impressed me in his driving technique were very like those in piano technique. Inside the studio, I watched, camera in hand, his movements at the piano as he tried Ravel's "Ondine." In the most complex passage his drooping cigarette remained motionless between his lips. I asked him what had brought him to Bolzano, this small town, more Austrian than Italian in character (he is married and his house is in Brescia). "This is the only mountain area with a conservatory," he said, "and besides the curative quality of the air, conditions are very favorable here for studying. Distraction-free."

Pointing out a blackbird, he said, "Would you believe that one of them actually learned from me the opening measure of the third movement of the 'Emperor'?" It occurred to me that it might rather have been the blackbird's great-great-grandfather who had taught this melody to Beethoven.

Some eminent pianists who regard Michelangeli as a great scientist of the piano highly recommended him as a teacher. "He must have learned his technical secrets from the devil himself," said one of them. To begin with, Michelangeli never accepts fees from students ("I am not a professional teacher"), and indeed some of them are supported by him. Like Horowitz, he places considerable emphasis on personal character, and those who are lacking in humility had better forget about studying with Michelangeli. During teaching sessions he is a complete dictator. "Democracy does not pay, but they are welcome to be democratic among themselves. Yes, they can complain, though not in class where there is no time for argument." The teaching sessions, during which no third person is present, may last anywhere from twenty minutes to three hours—depending on circumstances and moods. And the number of lessons a student may get is governed by the same laws. I heard of two local pupils who got no more than half a dozen lessons during the whole year. Michelangeli does not teach beginners, accepting only a limited number of advanced pianists, some already recognized. "I prefer not to do an 'orthopedic' job," Michelangeli told me, "but unfortunately in the majority of cases it is absolutely necessary, especially with American pianists, who bang too much and play too fast." Michelangeli does his own practicing at nights after an active day, while "the mind, a tape with images and reflections, has not yet been erased by sleep." Hofmann and Rachmaninoff acted on the reverse principle, taking a nap during the day so as to gain a second fresh start (after the mind *had* been erased).

FOR all his emphasis on technique, Michelangeli despises pianists who play like an electric typewriter. He stresses the importance of tonal qualities and tries to eliminate the percussiveness and ugliness of piano sound. He allows only slight deviations from the established tempo, which is for him a "focal point." He never illustrates at the keyboard (his convincing pianism could discourage anyone). Despite his strict regimen and difficult temperament, pupils keep coming to him from all over the world, some following him from place to place. Many of them have previously wasted their savings on other teachers without getting anywhere. "There is an old Italian saying," said Michelangeli jokingly, "that when everything else fails, one turns to the good Jesus—who teaches free."

Our conversation was interrupted for a moment by the young lady with us, who suddenly complained of a severe headache. As if by magic, Michelangeli produced a pill from the "drugstore compartments" of his briefcase. He then gave some authoritative advice on diet, and pointing at his habitual dark wool pullover ("which protects me against cold and warm") told us how to maintain a proper ratio among body temperature, clothes, and weather. Although he takes good care of himself, he denied that he is afraid of anything, including stage fright, sickness, and death. "But you are afraid of matches," I remarked tactlessly. "I am not. They make me nauseous. It is phobia, not a fear. Phobia is contrary to mania."

As he became more tired, and our conversation became more informal, his melodious Italian changed into a softer dialect. This seemed a good moment to mention some of those fantastic rumors. His nonchalant smile indicated how little the gossips worry him nowadays. And he referred instead to *authentic* episodes which shed light on his colorful professional and personal relationships. I have learned that he was the only judge who refused to sign Harasiewicz's diploma in the 1955 International Chopin Competition in Warsaw, because he was convinced Ashkenazy deserved the first prize. He disagreed with the chairman of the panel, Professor Drzewiecki of Warsaw, who, by the way, happened to be Harasiewicz's teacher. In the recent Warsaw contest his name again figured in the list of judges, but his seat remained empty. Not a man to cut off his nose to spite his face, Harasiewicz later came to study with Michelangeli.

Still more exciting was the "performance" Michelangeli gave at a hotel in Port Elizabeth, South Africa. As usual, he had been helping his mechanic adjust the piano before the concert. Too tired to change clothes, he went straight down to the luxurious restaurant with rolled-up sleeves and greasy trousers. He was told to get out. Michelangeli pretended he did not understand, and when two of the staff tried to remove him by force, the athletic pianist brushed them off like flies. At that moment his mechanic arrived, still more disheveled than his master. When the hotel manager personally tried to remove them, Michelangeli got hold of his arms, calmly squeezed them with the same steel-like fingers that could delicately handle a cantilena in Liszt's "Mephisto," and lowered him to the floor. "Now that I had established my double personality, I ordered a tremendous dinner with four bottles of the most expensive French wine. I didn't drink a drop, paid an equally tremendous bill, and left no tip."

Most people acquainted with Mi-

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chelangeli's artistic achievement would willingly turn a blind eye on his personal idiosyncrasies. This achievement is documented in his superb recordings. During the past twenty years Michelangeli has contributed to the piano discography about three hours of playing time (HMV and Telefunken), including one (Angel) LP. It is as difficult to persuade him to record more often as it is difficult to locate his elusive 78s. At least another three hours exist in pirate-editions supplied from his live and broadcast performances. These circulate even in Russian territories, where his pianistic art is held in high esteem. His renditions fully confirm his reputation, and to me they establish him as an exemplary, powerful, and original (rather than spontaneous) representative of modern pianistic art. Examples? Take Bach's Italian Concerto—the contemplative, yet moderate recitations in the second movement; or the third, where Michelangeli, and only he, delicately brings out the melodic line in the left hand, starting from m.29, the very section in which others bang out the right hand.

Michelangeli's dynamic reading of Beethoven's Sonata in C will impress you with its uncommon rhythmical assurance, dramatic coloration, sensitivity, and absolute technical mastery. His keen polyphonic orchestrations have found their best outlet in Schumann, and, as for technique, his is the one to combine letter-precision with broad dynamic range, as in Ravel. Here, his crystalline sound is equally beautiful at all registers, and the expressive top notes emerge as meaningful as his balanced chords. His manual mastery reaches its exciting climax in the Brahms "Paganini" Variations. Listening to his flaming glissandos in octaves, fellow pianists sprout goosepimples, and think of Paganini rather than Brahms. They would give anything to know how he achieved these effects. Instead of going into details, let me just remark that our civilization has invented blood banks, even eye banks, but we still don't have a bank of technique and Michelangeli has had to work very hard to create his own stock.

As might be expected, even a master of Michelangeli's stature can occasionally disappoint. I find this mostly in his renditions of Chopin, where he seems to lack that rare "fifth dimension." Instead of anticipating the composition as one continuous plan, he resembles the army commander who is aware only of the visible front. A typical example is his strategy in the B flat minor Scherzo. Curiously enough, wherever we place the tone arm we hear ideal piano playing, yet after listening to the entire performance we realize that it somehow lacks unity. For some reason or another, this courageous and independent pilot has arranged his B flat flight at relatively low level. Such deficiency is not evident in his readings of Schumann, who is episodal himself.

As for Michelangeli's personal taste in music, he openly praised some old giants of the keyboard, although in our time to be in love with the past masters is a sin almost as bad as necrophilia. He spoke highly of Rachmaninoff and Hofmann. "Landowska? A bit too arbitrary. Perhaps not in her rubato, but certainly in her free use of registers" (Michelangeli, however, takes some liberties too). "Rubato is a human thing and differs with every artist," said Michelangeli the musician. Michelangeli the doctor added: "The breath and the heartbeat are never constant; they have different tempos. And no two hearts beat exactly alike. See a cardiogram."

Of the more recent pianists, he mentioned Ashkenazy before Richter, the acute strategist; Flier long before Gilels, the versatile virtuoso. Of the composers, first comes Mozart, whose "rhythmical demands are essential; he must not be played too fast." Michelangeli cares little for Scriabine ("too sick"), still less for modern jazz ("too monotonous"), yet he has no prejudices against contemporaries and at the age of sixteen was, in fact, the first pianist to introduce Schoenberg works in Italy. His extensive repertoire covers all Beethoven sonatas and Mozart concertos; the entire Chopin and Debussy; much of Bach, Schumann, Brahms; old Italians and a few young moderns.

ARE we going to hear this catalogue, at least on disc? He says he plans a cycle for Ricordi, to include Beethoven's Op. 106 and Op. 111; Schumann's "Faschingsschwank" and "Carnaval"; Chopin Sonatas; all Debussy apart from the Preludes; Ravel's "Miroirs" and "Gaspard de la Nuit"; Scarlatti ("exercises, and not sonatas as it is the custom to print in the programs"); some old Italian works by Rutini, Pergolesi, Galuppi, etc., etc. I realized, however, that these plans will be fulfilled only if he feels well and feels like it. I have not forgotten that he stopped recording for some companies because, he claimed, he was being unfairly paid. "Now I will only record if paid in advance," he said calmly.

His concert projects? One thing is clear: he didn't exactly fall in love with the U.S. He broke with Hurok, quitting his American tour in the middle. "I was inexperienced then," he explained. "Oh yes—I suppose I will accept a new contract if I get a cast-iron guarantee to play where I desire and deserve."

Came time to leave Bolzano. As for myself, I found its controversial hero extremely kind, relaxed, and accommodating, my sole regret being that his courtesy and hospitality did not extend to a generous display of his pianistic art. But my personal loss is nothing compared to the alarming possibility that Michelangeli is lost to us all. Can we afford it? In the past decade our keyboard aristocracy has suffered by the death of its two brilliant young representatives, Lipatti and Kapell. Equally tragic was the premature death of Rosa Tamarkina, probably the only young woman-virtuoso to rank equally with the best male

Subject and author (Jan Holcman, right) at Bolzano.

pianists. Today, Weissenberg performs in public but seldom records, while Horowitz records but never appears in public (most of us would yet hesitate to include Gould and Cliburn quite in this exclusive category). In other words, every effort should be made to understand Michelangeli and accept his conditions to encourage him to revisit the U.S. An established manager with some imagination could surely overcome his fear about artistic temperament, if only for the prestige. Michelangeli positively denied that caprice was the cause of his failing to show up for a concert. "I was ill," he said, "and would only have ruined my reputation if I had appeared in such a condition." Some say "hypochondria." And I only wish this were the truth. It is sad but understandable that managers are rarely able to take into account personal problems like these. What is sad but *not* understandable is the fact that no compromise has yet been reached to ensure that the Bolzano Blackbird does not turn into an Oscar Wilde Nightingale. It is partly up to us whether or not we have already heard from Michelangeli the "last burst of music that the white moon heard."

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An Edit Technique for TV Tape

By JOEL TALL

THE ancients—or maybe it was our own O. Henry—told a tale of the Titan Atlas, who, in expiation for his sins, was forced to stand for eternity with the sky upon his shoulders. And where did Atlas stand? Upon the back of a turtle. And where did the turtle find support for his feet? Upon the stalwart shoulders of men like John Silva, the inventor of Paramount Television Production's TV-ola, an ingenious machine for editing videotape.

Not long ago I went to Paramount's KTLA studios at Van Ness and Sunset Boulevard to see the TV-ola in action. John Silva (who is KTLA's chief engineer) showed me into a videotape editing room. At one end, to my left, stood an Ampex videotape recorder with shelves above it stacked with reels of two-inch-wide videotape. Beside it, on the left, stood the considerably smaller TV-ola. The rest of the room was filled with racks of amplifiers, reels of tape, and two more Ampex video recorders.

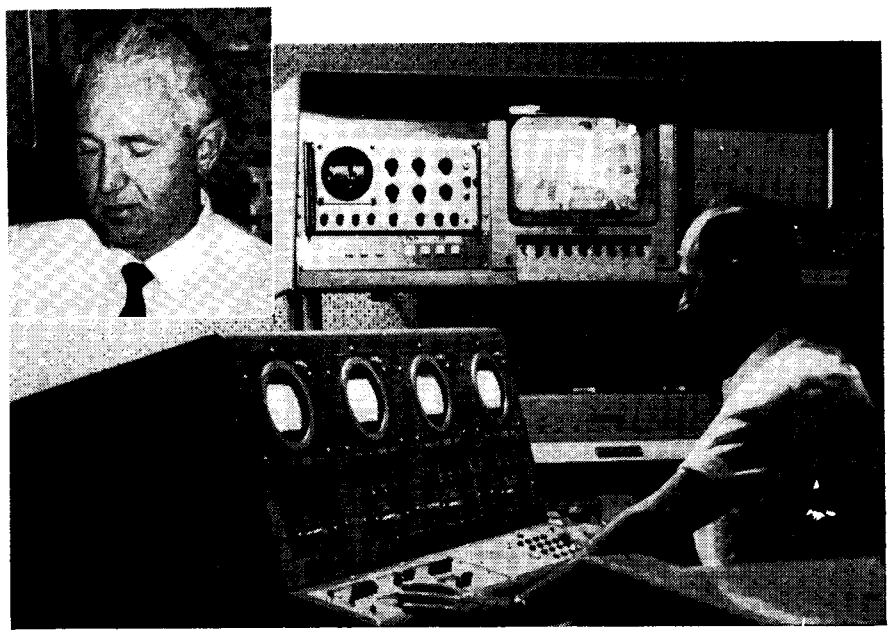
I crowded myself against an equipment rack where I could watch the TV-ola, trying to make myself invisible. I knew that there is probably nothing so annoying to an editor during a cutting session as a blabbering rubberneck. The director of the NBC-TV show, "The Wrangler," and a videotape editor were working on a taped sequence that had originally been shot in two separate scenes. They were looking for a place where they could cut from one scene to the other, eliminating a few feet of poor action. I looked and listened.

The director pushed some buttons on the TV-ola. "Find take 3," he said to the editor. The Ampex whirred for a moment. The director pushed some more buttons. "Retain the second second," he called out, and the tape machine whirred again. "You've got the mark! Now put on the other take. I want it between three and four!"

We've been told time and time again that good movies are created in the cutting room. There the director and the cutter decide how to edit the film so that the show becomes more a work of art than a mechanical sequence of pictures. In motion pictures, film cutting has developed into a fine art. The mechanics of viewing, cutting, and splicing film are taken as a matter of course and are comparatively uncomplicated. That has not been true in videotape editing. Up to this time it has not been possible to see a *single* picture or "frame" of the thirty pictures per second that are recorded on the tape in order to compare it with another picture, either from the same reel of tape or from another one. The director had to look at moving pictures—he could not see a single still picture. He was forced to edit by the time-consuming cut-and-try method, which generally resulted in a cut which was a compromise between a good cut and a cut that could be made in the time available for editing.

ANOTHER radical difference between film and videotape cutting lies in joining together the cut pictures or "frames." In film splicing, the edge of one frame overlaps the edge of the other frame and is cemented to it. Since the film is held in alignment in the splicer by its sprocket holes, and since the edges to be joined are comparatively wide, there is no difficulty in making an accurate splice that cannot be detected when the film is projected. (As you know, film motion is intermittent; no light is projected through the spliced part—only through the picture part.) With videotape the story is considerably different. Tape motion is continuous, not intermittent; there are no sprocket holes, only magnetically recorded "edit" marks, which are about a thousandth of an inch wide. Therefore, joining two frames of videotape is a ticklish job; the editor has to look at the tape through a magnifying lens, find the "edit" mark, cut exactly in its center, and join it to the other frame similarly cut. If the cutting or splicing is inaccurately done, the picture will twitch at the spliced joint, a result of the inability of the recorder to decide which way to move at that precise instant of time.

John Silva's TV-ola has overcome all these deficiencies in videotape editing in an ingenious manner. The heart of the TV-ola is a cathode ray tube, produced by Hughes Aircraft. From the front, this tube looks like the picture tube of an ordinary television set in miniature; it has a five-inch screen. Behind this normal fluorescent screen there is a grid (think of it as a fine-mesh wire screen) with microscopically small holes. The tube contains two separate cathode ray guns, the electron-shooting parts of all cathode ray tubes. One gun, at the end of the tube, performs its conventional work of painting a picture, from information furnished to it by the videotape recorder, on the frontal fluorescent screen. It differs from your television set in one important particular, however: it paints only *one* picture, one single, solitary frame. Ordinarily, this picture would stay fluorescent—and, therefore, visible—for little more than a thirtieth of a second, scarcely enough time for the brain to absorb the visible information contained in it and



The TV-ola, Vincent Filzola operating. Upper left, inventor John Silva.

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decidedly not long enough for an editor to decide whether or not to make a cut. However, in this two-gun Hughes tube, the second cathode ray gun, displaced to one side, shoots a continuous stream of electrons through the wire grid, or screen, thus keeping the single picture fluorescent, and therefore visible, for as long as fifteen or twenty minutes.

Of course, there is much more that could be told: how the electrons from the second gun decide whether or not to penetrate the grid to make the fluorescent screen light or dark; or how John Silva's circuits pick out a single picture. However, the important point is that now, at last, videotape has the equipment it needs to rival motion pictures in artistic composition. Directors and cutters are now able to see still pictures of scenes that are to be cut, and they can now match one frame to another so that the viewer will not be conscious of any cutting. The TV-ola puts videotape on a par with film, at least as far as ease of editing is concerned.

THE prototype TV-ola is contained in a console mounted on wheels; it plugs into any videotape recorder. It is about half as big as an Ampex videotape recorder. Across the top half of its front are mounted four five-inch Hughes storage tubes. On the desk part of the console are groups of pushbuttons that, when pressed, activate various operations. They are designated "Mark," "Model," "Splatter," and other names meaningful to videotape editors. The TV-ola can be instructed, when the proper buttons are pushed, to pick out four individual pictures located 1, 1/3, 1/10, or 1/30 of a second apart on the tape. Here's how it works:

The editor decides, after viewing the tape, just where he should cut. Then, about one second before he sees the desired editing point, he pushes the button that places a "start beep" sound (a 3,000-cycle-per-second tone) on the cue track of the tape and also starts what is called the "splatter timing" circuitry. The four viewing tubes will then "freeze" four separate pictures: the one occurring at the starting point, a picture one second later, a picture two seconds later, and, on the fourth tube, a picture occurring three seconds later. Let's say the editor decides then that he should cut the tape somewhere between the pictures on viewing tubes 2 and 3. By rewinding the tape to the "start beep" and pushing the 1/3-second buttons, he can then view individual frames occurring at 1/3-second intervals, beginning at the end of the first second of tape following the "start beep." He can then repeat, narrowing the choice down to 1/10-second intervals and, finally, down to 1/30-second intervals; the last interval means that each image will be a consecutive frame reproduced from the tape. When he sees the frame at which he wants to cut, he pushes the "edit marker beep" (a 400-cycle-per-second tone), which is a positive aural cue for cutting the videotape.

ONCE an editor has become accustomed to using the TV-ola he may skip one or two of the operations I have described and make his choice of a cutting point much more directly. And he can mark one reel for cutting, put it aside, and find a point in a separate reel to which he wants to cut. The operation is rapid and exact. An editor can even see how a tape will edit before it is cut. The tape can be marked, say, for three cuts, and run through the TV-ola. The last frame of "edited" scene No. 1 can be frozen on viewer No. 1, the first frame of "edited" scene No. 2 on viewer No. 2, the last frame of "edited" scene No. 2 on viewer No. 3, and the first frame of "edited" scene No. 3 on viewer No. 4. If the scenes as marked for cutting are satisfactory, the tape can be reeled off the recorder and the actual cutting performed by aural cueing on a much simpler and cheaper machine. If the scenes are not satisfactory, no harm has been done; the cue marks are erased from the tape and the process of editing gone through again.

As far as the economics of television recording—and "movies" made by videotape methods—are concerned, the TV-ola promises a great change for the better. Editing without the TV-ola is extremely time-consuming; it may now be measured in minutes instead of hours. And it is now an *exact* edit, not an approximate edit, with resultant "twitches" caused by inaccurate cutting. This reduction in editing time, plus the ability to cut by the audible edit marks using a simple audio playback machine, will

mean that more editing will be economically possible, thus making for more artistic productions.

The future of videotape now looks brighter than ever. The only serious drawback to its employment in many situations has been overcome by John Silva's invention, the TV-ola. We look forward to brilliantly composed and edited "live" videotape programs—even animation on tape—before very long.

Gould Takes Napoleon–Again

BEETHOVEN: *"Wellington's Victory," Opus 91;* GROFE: *Grand Canyon Suite. Morton Gould and his orchestra.* RCA Victor LSC-2433. $2.98.

This record boasts authoritative notes—on the technical procedures at Manhattan Center—by its producer, Joseph Habig, without telling us too much of the music itself. The disc is billed as a "Stereo Spectacular," as was the same company's recent release of the "1812" and Ravel's "Bolero" by the same forces, and Habig's commentary ends on this triumphant note: "You have heard much about Morton Gould's recording of '1812'—and now here is his '1813'!"

To be sure, "Wellington's Victory," or "The Battle of Vittoria," is the Beethoven counterpart of Tchaikovsky's more familiar celebration of another Napoleonic defeat, and it is no more distinguished as music, although Mr. Habig might have acknowledged that Beethoven did give it an opus number and that it was introduced at the same concert that included the premieres of the Seventh and Eighth Symphonies, neither of which was received as warmly as the "Battle Symphony."

This "Beethoven Lollipop" is certainly worth having on records, and the recording itself is a stunning success, one of the finest arguments for stereo I've heard yet. The music is good fun, with its drum rolls, fanfares, and familiar tunes ("Rule Britannia," "*Malbrough s'en va t'en guerre,*" "God Save the King"), and the performance it gets from Gould is probably exactly the kind it deserves, making the most of its very colorful effects.

An earlier monophonic version by René Leibowitz on Oceanic, however (still in the catalogue, but hard to find), by letting the effects more or less take care of themselves, gave this a trifle more musical substance and made the composer easier to recognize. The concluding "Symphony of Victory," in particular, is quite respectable middle-period Beethoven, with some especially imaginative writing for the horn.

Gould's new "Wellington's Victory" will certainly fill the principal requirement, that of making the score available on disc. If it is not a match for the earlier one interpretively, perhaps it is a bit incongruous to be so serious about such a piece. Surely admirers of Ferde Grofé never heard it so good. The recording is simply gorgeous.

—RICHARD D. FREED.

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Recordings in Review

The Elman Repertory

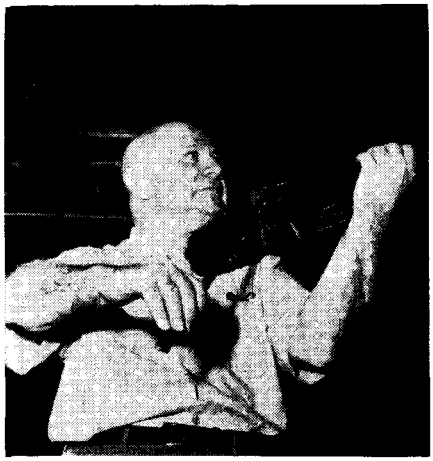
MASSENET: *"Meditation" ("Thaïs"); ARENSKY: Serenade;* SCHUMANN: *"Träumerei";* CUI: *"Orientale";* DRIGO: *"Valse Bluette";* SARASATE: *"Zigeunerweisen";* SCHUBERT: *"Ave Maria";* DVORAK: *Humoresque;* GOSSEC: *Gavotte;* CHOPIN: *Nocturne in E flat;* SCHUMANN: *"Vogel als Prophet";* BEETHOVEN: *Minuet in G;* TCHAIKOVSKY: *Melodie. Mischa Elman, violin, with Joseph Seiger, piano.* Vanguard VSD 2048, $5.95.

The description of this disc as the "Elman Jubilee Record Celebrating Fifty Years of Violinistic Triumph" is, for once, an understatement. True, it is now fifty-*two* years since Elman made his New York debut, the first of what seemed an unending stream of brilliant performers from the studio of Leopold Auer to achieve world-wide fame. But in fact Elman has been playing these pieces, man and boy, since he was heard by Sarasate in Odessa before the turn of the century.

What is more, he has never played any one of them better, if as well. At first reading, this would seem a rash statement, as if anyone who first heard Elman "only" forty-five years ago could answer for what happened prior to that, or elsewhere in the world since! But the famous recording of Dvorak's "Humoresque" dates from 1910, and this one is at least its equal in sound, if in another mood of "humor" as befits the product of sixty-nine versus nineteen.

Insofar as such pieces as the "Meditation," "Ave Maria," "Träumerei," and "Valse Bluette" are concerned, the question is not so much what other violinist could play them as well, as what other violinist would have the patience, love of the instrument, and devotion to its best interests to apply Elman's kind of care to every note and nuance.

Lieder singers, we observe from time to time, come to an appreciation of such subtlety in molding a melodic line as they master their craft —unfortunately, just as the means for communicating it begin to wear thin. Elman's intimate awareness of the function of every note is now at its ripest while he still, fortunately, possesses the steadiness of hand to draw the long tones of Massenet or sprinkle the air with showers of sparks in Sarasate.



Mischa Elman—"has never played them better."

The results throughout are merely marvelous. Seiger performs his task to the King's (Elman's) taste, and the recording gives us more of the Elman personality in the literature he has made his own than any previous presentation of it.

Britten's New "Nocturne"

BRITTEN: *"Nocturne" (Opus 60). Interludes from "Peter Grimes." Benjamin Britten with an instrumental ensemble and Peter Pears, tenor; Britten conducting the orchestra of Covent Garden.* London CS 6179, $5.98.

Whatever else may be said of his accomplishments, no one can regard Benjamin Britten as other than industrious in pursuit of his calling. Not yet fifty, Britten has already added to the Opus 60 noted above a setting of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" which has just had its premiere at Aldeburgh (Suffolk). If practice makes perfect, Britten should soon be on the verge of that happy accomplishment.

The simple fact seems to be that Britten is one of the few musicians of our time who devotes himself, year-round, to composing—with time out for an occasional recording session or other performance (almost always of his own music). Nor can anyone impugn the high average quality of his production, which, as in the case of this "Nocturne" (poems of Shelley, Tennyson, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats, and Shakespeare), is full of ingenuity, resource, and good judgment in treatment of words.

What is absent, however, is the kind of unaverage, restless surge that gives a work of art life as well as existence, the impulse to expressivity that bursts the boundaries of "form" (in the social rather than the musical sense), and gives us a powerful indecency now and then as well as so many polished pleasantries.

I regret to observe that Britten sounds more and more like William Walton in these settings, for it implies the inevitable destination—a knighthood and status as court composer, which may make him top man in British musical circles, but leave him short of some international goals for which, it once seemed, he might qualify. I regret, also, to note that the poetic texts are absent, which is expecting rather too much of Pears's enunciation when the music as well as the words are unfamiliar. I do hear, however, that in England "the cats cry me-you," which makes them definitely more U than our American cats, which—as everybody knows—"cry me-yow." The seven obbligato parts are splendidly played by Alexander Murray (flute), Roger Lord (English horn), Gervase de Peyer (clarinet), William Waterhouse (bassoon), Barry Tuckwell (horn), Denis Blyth (timpani), and Osian Ellis (harp), making a fine blend with the string orchestra. The "Grimes" excerpts are from the stunning new set directed by the composer.

The "Cleiner" Schumann

SCHUMANN: *Concerto in A minor. Van Cliburn, piano, with Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor LSC 2455, $5.98.

Not, perhaps, since the Horowitz-Toscanini collaboration on the Tchaikovsky concerto has a recording in this literature carried with it so many imponderables. A pianist and a conductor separated by decades and by temperament, performing a work neither had recorded previously, did not promise an outcome with a mutually agreeable point of view. What has come about, however, is something in which neither the personality of Cliburn or Reiner (or, for that matter, Reiner or Cliburn) dominates. Rather, it is the product of a new entity which might be called Cleiner, in which qualities of each penetrate the other and bring about a merged artistic personality.

This, in turn, is responsible for both the virtues and faults of an accomplishment which is of particular credit to RCA Victor's technical team (Richard Mohr and Lewis Layton). Certainly Reiner's experience and judgment have given Cliburn a tighter frame, a firmer

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outline in this work than he might have arrived at on his own, or with a less purposeful conductor; it doesn't strike me that Cliburn gives back as much of subtlety and nuance as there is in Reiner's direction, and some part of his own impulse is throttled. To put it bluntly: the meeting of the minds has not also elevated the spirits. Cliburn's skittish gait has been broken to the Reiner harness at some cost to his stride and temper.

It is proof, if any were still needed, that Cliburn's is an altogether exceptional pianistic mechanism—big, rangy, tonally a little hard and oversized for the needs of this work but full of promise for other things; he also has a power of communication which manifests itself more in the unaccompanied sections (when he is not disposed to run), especially in the cadenza of Movement 3, than in the tuttis. It might be noted that RCA has spread the 30.28 minutes of performance over two sides, in contrast with the Richter on Deutsche Grammophon (*SR*, June 25), which adds the "Konzertstück" and two solo pieces on its second side.

—*RCA*

Recording "Turandot" in Rome — Tozzi, Tebaldi, Bjoerling.

A New High in "Turandot"

AS MOST music lovers are aware, Puccini's "Turandot" is an opera with three riddles built into the text, and one which revolves around it. The first requires the tenor who sings Prince Calaf to risk his life with the possible reward of Turandot herself if he succeeds; the other demands that the impresario or record-maker risk his reputation on a choice of singers to meet the super-arduous demands of Giacomo Puccini's last, illness-ridden days.

In anticipation of the first Metropolitan production since the original one of more than thirty years ago, RCA has combed the roster of all talent available to it (by affiliation as well as contract) to compile a cast of many spectacular attributes and some inevitable shortcomings. Its Nilsson-Bjoerling-Tebaldi lineup under the compelling leadership of Erich Leinsdorf (monaural: LM 6149, $9.98; stereo: LSC 6149, $11.98) is superior down the line to the Borkh-Del Monaco-Tebaldi-Erede partnership on London and, with some incidental variations, preferable to the Callas-Fernandi - Schwarzkopf - Serafin predecessor on Angel. Nilsson and Callas are quite different kinds of singers, as Leinsdorf and Serafin are conductors: but, on balance, the latest effort (broadly reproduced in the Rome Opera House) is also the best to date with Puccini's cruelly unrealistic requirements.

As in several other recent recordings in which he has participated ("Rigoletto" and "Aïda"), it is my belief that Bjoerling's Calaf will be played and replayed when other elements have been surpassed or at least equaled. He does spare himself a top tone here and there (as the C on page 213 of the vocal score), but the sound he projects is not merely beautiful but heartrending, a fulfillment, at full length, of the brilliant promise in his aria ("Nessun dorma") of the early Forties.

Nilsson's Princess is probably closer, in power and endurance, to the legendary one of Eva Turner than any on record, especially in the cumulative pages of Act III. Callas makes a more dramatic thing of the testing questions in Act II, but Nilsson has far more reserve in the ensembles and in the stratospheric writing of the later episodes. Even so, it is instructive to hear the juxtaposed sound of her voice and Tebaldi's as Liù (something impossible to imagine under any circumstance of live performance) on page 263. The only conclusion can be that Tebaldi's production, combined with Nilsson's projection, would give a "Turandot" beyond the reach of either—or of any singer known in this time. There are indications now and then (as on page 265) that Leinsdorf has endeavored to make Tebaldi walk a narrower line of fidelity to the printed page than she might prefer (a *piano* where instinct would dictate *forte*, a swell to a crescendo which, clearly, is not comfortable for her), but it is this attention to detail which, beyond the strong sense of direction in the whole, gives Leinsdorf's effort a character of its own.

GIORGIO Tozzi's Timur and the ambassadorial Ping of Mario Sereni are both excellent, the smaller roles are well performed (as the Emperor, Alessio De Paolis is almost out of microphone range early in Act II), and the chorus is sizable. Like the work itself, RCA Victor's "Turandot" is an imperfect thing, but one with some unforgettable moments of musical splendor against indecent odds. It gives us, with almost visual clarity, the bigness and power of Puccini's massive undertaking. Perhaps, as George Marek makes mention in his searching commentary (part of a well-conceived textual treatment comprising a discussion of the technical problems of the recording by Richard Mohr, as well as a translation of the Italian text by Laura Mardon), he might have amended some shortcomings in other circumstances than those of illness and death: but, one wonders, would there have been the same measure of desperate eloquence in its best pages? That raises the riddles of "Turandot" to at least five. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bloch: Concerti Grossi Nos. 1 and 2. Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra. Mercury SR 90223, $5.98.	The first impression would be that the coupling of these two works is a singularly good idea, affording the listener ready access to the composer's treatment of a similar plan separated by more than twenty-five years. When the second appeared in 1952, it was welcomed for the values it contained, even though less individual than its predecessor of 1924-25. In these performances, however, both works sound blander, less rewarding than memory suggested. This may mean that time has eroded some of their attention-commanding power, or that the performances are softer in outline, less incisive than they might be. Till further evidence is available, the second suggestion takes precedence. Highly satisfactory recording. (Monaural: MG 50223, $4.98.)
Copland: "Appalachian Spring," "Tender Land" Suite. Composer conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2401, $5.98.	The Copland "vocabulary" is put to much better use in "A.S." than in the excerpts from the opera, which have a degree of charm but no such compulsion to the listening attention. "Spring," on the other hand, has a well-varied sequence of sections, contrasting in mood and tempo; also a highly practiced use of some devices which originally served Copland well in "Billy the Kid" and "Rodeo"—offbeat accents, stepwise melodies, modal harmonies, etc. He is highly useful to his own purpose as conductor, and the orchestral sound is faithfully transmitted. (Monaural: LM 2401, $4.98.)
Debussy: Nocturnes. Ravel: "Rapsodie Espagnole." Leopold Stokowski conducting the London Symphony Orchestra with the BBC Women's Chorus. Capitol SP 8520, $5.98.	For some reason that defies analysis, Stokowski succeeds better in achieving his objectives in Debussy with these English players than he did with the French National Radio Orchestra in the "Iberia" issued a few months ago. It is altogether subtle, sensible, evocative collaboration that he achieves with them, to the end of one of the best versions of this music ever put on records—colorful, poetic, and yet very cleanly performed. No small credit should go to producer Richard Jones for getting as much of the sound—including the diaphanous flutter of voices in "Sirènes"—as he has onto the disc. The quality of performance is no less good in the Ravel, but it strikes me as a heavier attack, a cruder mingling of colors than the material merits. (Monaural: P 8520, $4.98.)
Falla: "Tricorne" (Suite); Ravel: "Alborada del Gracioso," "Daphnis et Chloe" (Suite No. 2). Carlo Maria Giulini conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel S 35820, $5.98.	There is plenty of generalized energy and excitement in these performances, if not the kind of specific insight and illumination that Argenta, for example, applied to Falla, or Ansermet (among others) does to Ravel. Thus it is a thoroughly creditable effort for Giulini, in terms of broad capacity, without extending very much the range of his strongly personal enthusiasms. Of the two composers, Ravel fares rather better, for his music provides more for Giulini to do with the fine material at his disposal. Excellent performances both, and highly colorful reproduction. (Monaural: 35820, $4.98.)
Hindemith: "Symphonia Serena," Concerto for Horn. Composer conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, with Dennis Brain, horn. Angel 35491, $4.98.	Two works which suggest the Regerish side of Hindemith's compositional personality—that is to say, much craft, many notes, a good deal of aural agitation and not more than a modicum of communication. Much preoccupation in both with scrappy embellishments of broad-lined but undistinguished melodies. Much scroll work and fancy carving, but the underlying design communicates very little. Brain excellent—alas. (Stereo: S 35491, $5.98.)
Khatchaturian: "Gayne" (suites). Anatole Fistoulari conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Everest SDBR 3052, $4.98.	A rundown of eleven sections which includes other elements than the "Sabre Dance" and "Lezghinka," this disc shows Khatchaturian not only as master of the effective banality and the calculated commonplace, but also (especially in the section titled "Fire") a composer with command of more than the tonic-dominant harmonies to which he restricts himself elsewhere. It is, if nothing else, an illuminating example of the downgrading of impulse a composer can submit to in the circumstances that exist in the Soviet Union. Fistoulari's work is exemplary. (Monaural: LPBR 6052, $4.98.)
Mozart: Concerto No. 25 in C, "Don Giovanni" Overture. Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony, with André Tchaikowsky, piano. RCA Victor LSC 2287, $5.98.	There is great and good Mozart on this disc—not, however, in the order of their occurence or relative to the length of the works. Reiner's delivery of the overture is uncommonly dramatic, tightly organized, impulsively performed by his orchestra. As has been said on other occasions, one would give much to hear the operatic performance that might follow such a playing of the overture. Tchaikowsky shows some admirable qualities in his first venture with Mozart on disc (beyond finger facility, which he has in abundance)—a good sense of proportion, a feeling for the idiom, modesty of personal projection. Lacking as yet, however, are the flexibility, nuance, and sense of color by finger pressure alone which are indispensable for first-class Mozart. Good, then, as far as it goes—which is not far enough. Reiner's direction of the orchestra is calm and composed, also a shade disinterested. Fine sound. (Monaural: LM 2287, $4.98.)
Mozart: Divertimento (No. 11); Schubert: Five Minuets, Five German Dances. Karl Münchinger conducting the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra. London CS 6169, $5.98.	Whatever Münchinger's limitations in competing with conductors of broader experience in the symphonic literature, he remains outstanding in the specialized literature to which he has devoted the talents of himself and his excellent orchestra for more than a decade. Both the Divertimento, with its varied and lively character, and the rhythmically enticing, melodically beguiling dances are attractively performed and suitably reproduced. (Monaural: LL 1393, $3.98.)
Mozart: Notturna (K. 286), "Serenata Notturna" (K. 239), "Lucio Silla" (overture) and "King Thamos" (interludes). Peter Maag conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. London CS 6133, $5.98.	With or without the stereophonic possibilities of K. 286 (which is written for four orchestras), this is a rewarding session of Mozart, to which the contribution of Maag is worth more than passing mention. He has added thrust and gained confidence since some of his earlier recorded ventures, the new values being especially noticeable in the overture and the interludes from "King Thamos," where there is a more ample pattern of contrast. The two pieces on side one are both delightfully done and superbly reproduced.
Prokofiev: Symphony No. 7. N. P. Anosov conducting the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra. Parliament PLP 122, $1.98.	There is nothing but good to be said for Anosov's feeling for this score and the well-shaded performance of the excellent orchestra; however, it dates from a period of recording in Czechoslovakia when standards there were inferior to those in Western Europe. Thus the sound has a brittle, prevailingly thin texture which tends to break up into bits when the full orchestra is playing. As a performance, however, it has its own substantial interests, principally deriving from Anosov's unremitting pursuit of the lyric line, which is conspicuously in the ear throughout. He also introduces some clarifying refinements in the finale, which is brilliantly performed, with what sounds like electronic enhancement of the original tape.
Rózsa: Concerto for Orchestra, Op. 17, "Kaleidoscope" Op. 19a, Variations, Op. 4. Miklos Rózsa conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra with Denes Zsigmondy, violin. Westminster WST 14035, $5.98.	If one did not know that Rózsa was the composer of prizewinning film scores ("Spellbound," "Lust for Life," "Quo Vadis," and the recent "Ben-Hur"), one might deduce from these varied works the identity of a composer able to write in a variety of styles (from Bartók to Bach and back) fluently, adroitly, and above all nonoffensively. (Monaural: 18805, $4.98.) —Irving Kolodin.

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New and Old "St. Matthews"

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

OF THE many complete and partial recorded versions of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" with which I am familiar, one still seems to me preferable for general excellence of performance in spite of a few conductorial eccentricities, another to be of surpassing interest because of its solo singers. The first is old by present-day standards of recording technique, the second very old. Nearly seven years ago, when reviewing three separate versions of this "deepest expression of devotional feeling that the art of music affords" (André Pirro), I said: "We had perhaps best acknowledge the fact that no recording of so massive a work as the 'St. Matthew Passion' or the B minor Mass or 'Messiah' is likely to strike even one listener as perfect." Nothing that I have heard since 1953 has made me want to change that sentence.

By far the best all-around recorded performance of the "St. Matthew" with which I am familiar is still the substantially complete first Westminster version (WAL 4402), with Hermann Scherchen conducting an unnamed orchestra and chorus, and with soloists led by Hugues Cuénod (Evangelist), Heinz Rehfuss (Jesus), Magda Laszlo (soprano), Hildegard Rössel-Majdan (alto), Petre Munteanu (tenor), and Richard Standen (bass). Scherchen still emerges crisply and handily as the recorded conductor closest in this massive work to the twentieth century's composite picture of Bach. His recorded version is still listed as available.

But now Westminster has brought forth another substantially complete performance, this time in somewhat unimaginative stereo, a recording that won a "Grand Prix du Disque" (WST 402, $23.92). In it, Fritz Werner conducts a provincial German orchestra and choral aggregation, with soloists led by Helmut Krebs (the Evangelist, too, of the old Vox "Discophiles Français" recording, DLP-6070), Franz Kelch (Jesus), Agnes Giebel (the excellent soprano of the old London-L'Oiseau-Lyre version, OL-50112/6), Renate Gunther (alto), and Hermann Werdermann (bass). The performance follows the best dictates of contemporary musical scholarship in the matter of the instruments employed. Otherwise, however, it sounds to me very inferior to the Scherchen version in almost every aspect. I hope that it will not drive that earlier recording, with more of the spirit and less of the letter, from the catalogues.

The very old recording of the "St. Matthew" referred to above was made in Leipzig in 1941. It originally appeared on the Electrola label. It is a murderously cut performance that omits fifteen of the Passion's seventy-eight numbers and makes surgical excisions in twelve others. (Clough and Cuming suggested, in view of the recording's having been made in Nazi Germany, that the cuts may have been intended to eliminate all references to the Jews!) It has now been reissued as Odéon E-83020/1/2S, three LPs ($16.46) with the sixth side blank. And, sure enough, the records have Odéon labels—though these can be peeled off with a little patience to reveal the Electrola label and dog trademark underneath.

This recording now sounds very long ago and far away. It would scarcely be worth discussing if it did not boast the Gewandhaus Orchestra, Bach's own Thomas Choir, the wonderfully responsive conducting of Günther Ramin, and four of the finest singers of pre-World War II Germany. These last are no less than Karl Erb (Evangelist), Gerhard Hüsch (Jesus), Tiana Lemnitz (soprano), and—a very notable glory in her own right—Friedel Beckmann (alto). The bass, Siegfried Schulze, is but little beneath them in quality.

By now so many recorded versions of the "St. Matthew Passion" have been available at one time or another (seven listed in the June "Schwann," at least that many discontinued) that one attentive listener's arbitrary judgment may well be of value. In my view, then, the Scherchen for all-around excellence; for scholarly faithfulness in matters of instrumentation, either of the Vox versions, conducted respectively by Ferdinand Grossman and (harder to find) Fritz Lehmann; and, for long spells of magnificent solo singing, the reissued 1941 recording conducted by Günther Ramin.

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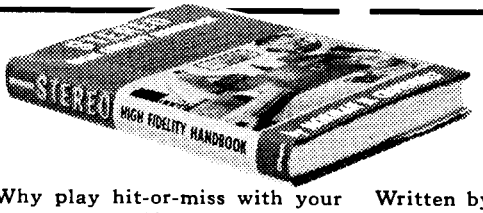

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Brahms: Sonata in D minor; Bach: Partita in E. Jaime Laredo, violin, with Vladimir Sokoloff, pianist. RCA Victor LSC 2414, $5.98.	At nineteen, Laredo is poised between adolescence and maturity, so far as years are concerned—but he has more than one foot well planted in the ground of solid musicality. In succession to the miscellaneous program in which he was heard a year ago, this pairing shows Laredo with healthy if not yet full-grown ideas relative both to Bach and Brahms. I prefer the springy, well-controlled playing of the unaccompanied work, for in the Brahms he is inclined to be a little overdeferential to his partner. The slow movement is joyously serene, with the kind of unquestioning purity of purpose which may, these days, be possible only for the young. Excellent recording. (Monaural: LM 2414, $4.98.)
Cimarosa: "Cara, cara, non dubitar" ("Il Matrimonio Segreto"); Donizetti: "So anch' io la virtù" ("Don Pasquale"); Cilea: "E la solita storia" ("L'Arlesiana"); Verdi: "Caro nome" ("Rigoletto"); Puccini: "O soave fanciulla" ("La Bohème"); Gounod: "Il se fait tard adieu" ("Faust"); Halévy: "Rachel, quand du Seigneur" ("La Juive"); Massenet: "J'ai marqué l'heure du départ" ("Manon"). Pierette Alarie, soprano, and Leopold Simoneau, tenor, with Lee Schaenen conducting. Deutsche Grammophon DG 138056, $6.98.	Considering the known qualities of these able artists, inspection of the list of contents prompts some preconceptions of what they are likely to do well, where they have been led astray by an overoptimistic estimate of their versatility. However, the proof of the operatic medley, as of the pudding, is in the eating, and the conclusion has to be that this is one of the tastiest in recent years. There are two duets in which both Alarie and Simoneau are superb (Cimarosa and Gounod) and two in which they are good (Massenet) and not so good (Puccini), but even in the latter the virtues of thoroughness and musicality which characterize everything they do are merits to cherish. Even if Simonaeu does not have the vocal substance for Eléazar's "Rachel, quand du Seigneur," his finely phrased French is rewarding. Alarie's "Caro nome" is delightfully sung, as is Simoneau's "Lamento di Federico." The conductor (Is he American? The sleeve knows not) gets excellent results from the orchestra and the recording is first class.
Debussy: Quartet; Ravel: Quartet. Juilliard String Quartet. RCA Victor LSC 2413, $5.98.	Fine workmanship and a good deal of sensitivity are characteristic attributes of both performances by the Juilliard Quartet, whose present ensemble includes Isadore Cohen as second violin and Claus Adam, cello. Where it leaves some expectations wanting, by comparison with some versions of the past, is in the mere matter of tonal quality, which tends to be grainy and harsh, rather than suave and fine spun. In fairness to the players, however, it must be said that it is, in totality, the equal of other stereo versions by the Budapest and Paganini ensembles—none of which, in this judgment, is as distinguished as previous performances by the Pro Arte or Quartetto Italiano. (Monaural: LM 2413, $4.98.)
Dohnányi: "Ruralia Hungarica," Etudes (Op. 28), Rhapsody in F sharp minor, Pieces (Op. 23); Strauss - Dohnányi: "Schatzwalzer" ("Zigeunerbaron"). Ernst von Dohnányi, piano. Everest SDBR 3061, $4.98.	A literal swan song (recorded shortly before he died last February), these superbly fluent, flexible, and alive performances attest that through his eighty-second year Dohnányi retained those qualities of warmly communicative musicianship that delighted listeners who knew his Mozart, Beethoven, and Dohnányi recordings in the Twenties. There is a rich vein of melodic and harmonic satisfaction in his own pieces, which, if no longer favored by other virtuosi (V. Horowitz once recorded the F minor Capriccio), still gives pleasure from his own hands. Remarkably believable recording, also. (Monaural: LPBR 6061, $4.98.)
Glière: Nocturne, Intermezzo; Gretchaninov: Lullaby; Cui: Moment Musical; Glazunov: Reverie; Tchaikovsky: "Autumn Song"; Scriabin: "Romance," Prelude; Dukas: "Villanelle"; Fauré: "Après un Rêve"; Poulenc: "Elégie", etc. James Stagliano, horn, with Paul Ulanowsky, piano. Boston BST 1009, $5.95.	Included in this sequence of arrangements from sundry sources is even such a novelty or two as a piece written to be played on the French horn, something which Stagliano (of the Boston Symphony Orchestra) does very well. Outstanding among all the contents of the record is the Poulenc "Elégie," an angry (if bereaved) protest at the wastage of precious talent that perished when Dennis Brain smashed his car into a tree. Stagliano joins in the memorial gesture with a performance as poignant as his "Après un Rêve" is slick. Ulanowsky doubles the quantity of music on the disc with his piano playing. Good recording.
Milhaud: "The Seasons." The composer conducting an ensemble of the Concerts Lamoureux with Ernest Wallfisch, viola, Szymon Goldberg, violin, Genevieve Joy and Jacqueline Bonneau, pianists, and Maurice Suzan, trombone. Epic BC 1069, $5.98.	The well-known "Concertino de Printemps" of 1934 has been joined (in 1951 and 1953) by the additional works of seasonal seasoning to make up a four-part sequence, each with another instrument as soloist. For my taste, it still has the freshest, most agreeable quality of the lot, especially as played with superior understanding by Goldberg. There is, in all the others, a kind of running-at-the-mouth with music that makes an agreeable, chirpy sound at all times, though the ideas and their articulation strike me as largely superficial. Suzan's brass virtuosity is imposing, but it would be hard to tell from the musical content whether he was blowing up a storm for winter, or generating a breeze for spring. (Monaural: LC 3666, $4.98.)
Mozart: Quintets (G minor, K. 516, C minor, K. 406). Griller Quartet, with William Primrose, viola. Vanguard VSD 2060, $5.95. Quintets (E flat, K. 614, D major, K. 593). The same. VSD 2061. Quintet (C major, K. 515). The same. Adagio and Fugue in C minor. Griller Quartet. VSD 2062.	As a totality these performances measure well to the standard of those admired in the past from the Pro Arte and Budapest Quartets, though the group led by Sidney Griller has a sharper attack, a more soaring spirit than the Belgians of yesterday, a less effusive, richly seasoned sound than the Roisman-led group of today. At times, as in the finale of the C major Quintet or the minuet of the G minor, Griller propels his associates into a kind of animated expression rarely achieved for recording purposes. If there is a complaint, it would have to do with the intonation (intermittently). At some points in the quintets, one is led to suspect Primrose, whose viola sound has a broader vibrato, a less centered pitch than it used to have; but there is a considerable muddiness in the fugue, which omits the second viola. On the other hand, the wandering chromatics of the prelude to this fugue are dead center on pitch. The recorded sound (a product of the University of California at Berkeley) is a resonant joy.
Paganini: Sonatas. Fredy Ostrovsky, violin, with Ernest Calabria, guitar. Boston BST 1013, $5.95.	If too much of a good thing is a well-known formula for satiety, how about much too much of a not so good thing? One of these sonatas—the first, for example—has appeal for the curiosity instinct, but the rather vacuous character of Paganini's writing (whipped cream for the violin, crumbs for the guitar) leaves one starved for a little substance after half a side. In addition, Ostrovsky inclines to a rather wide vibrato and a relentlessly large tone which, of themselves, tend to the monotonous. Calabria occupies the shadow assigned to him without undue demotion of impulse. Good sound. (Monaural: 213, $4.98.)
Schubert: Fantasia in C ("Wanderer"); Schubert-Liszt: the same. Alfred Brendel, piano, with orchestra conducted by Michael Gielen. Vox STPL 511610, $5.95.	The basically sound concept of this coupling (the first, so far as the records show, to combine the two forms of the work on a single disc) is fortified by Brendel's real feeling for the musical ideas in the Fantasia; he plays it equally well whatever the form in which it is cast. My preference, so far as listening interest is concerned, goes to the version with orchestra made by Liszt, if only because it provides more variety of sound, a greater contrast of colors than Brendel gets into the original for solo piano. (Monaural: PL 11610, $4.98.) —I. K.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Sutherland, Callas, Mahler

LONDON.

THE 1960 season at Glyndebourne, now in full swing, has a special significance: it marks the beginning of a new era. Last summer, Carl Ebert—who, with the late Fritz Busch, created the Glyndebourne tradition—retired as artistic director, and the new regime of Vittorio Gui and Günter Rennert had no share in the formative years prior to World War II. Thus the old order passes—always excepting the benign John Bull figure of Mr. Christie himself and Jani Strasser, that indefatigable "back-room boy."

By its choice of Bellini's "Puritani," for the opening of this year's festival, Glyndebourne broke new ground and showed its awareness of current trends in fashionable taste. There are still a few leading critics who deplore the recent return to popular favor of the great "bel canto" operas, but they are fighting a fruitless rear-guard action. It is often said that our renewed interest in "bel canto" singing is due to the great artistry and compelling personality of Maria Callas, but this is surely a naïve view. Events have shown Callas's role to have been that of a catalyst: an artist able to spark off a musico-chemical reaction because conditions were propitious.

Among those that have followed her distinguished lead, none has been more successful than Joan Sutherland. Possessing but little of Callas's creative musical artistry or her personal magnetism, the Australian soprano is, above all, a superlative vocalist. Her Elvira in "Puritani" was a marvelous piece of singing, quite the best thing she has given us to date, while her stage deportment showed a notable gain in confidence. It seemed a pity that a tenor worthy of her accomplishments could not have been found, for Nicola Filacuridi proved unequal to the taxing part of Arturo. Baritone Ernest Blanc, on the other hand, displayed a handsome voice and a fine presence, and we had a stylish bass in Giuseppe Modesti.

Blanc's assumption of the title role in Rennert's new production of "Don Giovanni" aroused the liveliest expectations after his performance in "Puritani" but our hopes that Brownlee's prewar Don would at last have a worthy successor were doomed to disappointment. His "mille tre" Spanish conquests seemed to have drained this seducer's appetite for further adventures and he appeared strangely reluctant to use his full voice, preferring to croon rather than to sing out. Had Blanc lived up to his promise, this would have been a truly memorable "Don Giovanni," for the remainder of the cast was undoubtedly the strongest yet assembled here for this opera. Sutherland, as Anna, was again outstanding; if one missed an ounce or two of dramatic power in "Or sai che l'onore," this was a small price to pay for such fluent, effortless, and beautiful singing, which allowed one to sit back and savor many passages normally fraught with anxiety. Ilva Ligabue's strong, youthful voice made a more positive character of Elvira than is customary, while Richard Lewis's suave and dignified Ottavio surprised us by singing "Dalla sua pace" at the end of the first scene and not, as is usual, after Anna's Vengeance Aria.

Here, too, the record companies are currently preoccupied with the task of celebrating the centennial of Mahler's birth. July issues include two stereo versions of the Fourth Symphony, two of "Lied von der Erde," two of "Kindertotenlieder," and three of "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen" – hardly the most imaginative of tributes to a composer whose stock has been noticeably rising these past few years, but as much as could be expected at a time when constant duplication of standard works is deemed more profitable than attempts to widen the recorded repertoire.

REINER is not a conductor whose name springs naturally to mind in connection with Mahler and, for all its skill, I find his RCA disc of the Fourth Symphony an intellectual rather than heart-warming experience. On Columbia, Kletzki's heart-on-sleeve approach yields more affectionate results, and his soprano, Emmy Loose, comes closer to suggesting the Finale's mood of childlike innocence than does RCA's Lisa Della Casa, whose lovely, rich voice sounds too mature. The two versions of "Song of the Earth" are not strictly comparable, since the fine Philips performance featuring Nan Merriman, Ernst Haefliger, and the Concertgebouw Orchestra under van Beinum (recorded a few years ago but just released here, in mono only) follows the conventional tenor-contralto pattern, whereas the new HMV stereo-mono issue conducted by Kletzki uses the alternative version sanctioned by the composer, assigning the even-numbered movements to a baritone. I need hardly say that for "a baritone" read "Fischer-Dieskau"; having already recorded the baritone versions of two other Mahler cycles, this singer, with his repertory-consuming appetite, could hardly be expected not to be tempted by the composer's masterpiece. His great artistry certainly does not fail him here, though many will share my preference in this context for the more plangent contralto timbre. The tenor songs receive competent rather than distinguished treatment from Murray Dickie, while Kletzki's handling of the score proclaims the accomplished Mahler conductor without, however, conveying Walter's unique authority. The admirably spacious recording occupies three and a half sides, the popular Adagietto from the Fifth Symphony serving as fill-up. (The famous Ferrier-Patzak-Walter performance, readers may like to know, will be reissued by Decca this autumn on a single mono disc.) Stereo discs by Flagstad (Decca) and Christa Ludwig (Columbia) couple the Kindertoten- and Gesellen Lieder in performances already familiar from the respective mono issues; neither strikes me as particularly perceptive, but a far more vital and interesting performance of the earlier work (by Nan Merriman) is coupled with Philips's above-mentioned "Song of the Earth."

For the rest we have, from EMI, Callas's new set of Donizetti's "Lucia," an exciting performance and recording of "Le Sacre du Printemps" by the Philharmonia under Markevitch, an attractive Russian miscellany from Kletzki and the Philharmonia, and stereo versions of Klemperer's noble Brahms 4th as well as Beecham's oddly unsatisfactory Beethoven 7th. The new "Lucia" appears in stereo only, the reason being that Callas's earlier mono version is still deemed quite satisfactory. Only the diva and the conductor, Serafin, are common to both sets; di Stefano and Gobbi are now replaced by Tagliavini and Cappucilli, the Florence May Festival orchestra and chorus by the Philharmonia. Once more some small cuts enable the opera to be fitted onto two discs; the stereo recording is good, but not in any way remarkable. Callas's performance in the title role yields the familiar mixture of superb and deeply perceptive artistry, marred here and there by painful shrieks which even ardent admirers will find difficult to ignore, while Tagliavini, despite a voice that is beginning to fray, is on the whole a more stylish Edgardo than di Stefano.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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The Blues Are Brewing

THE year 1960 promises to be a good one for the country blues. An unprecedented resurgence of interest in this vital and compelling native American musical form has resulted in a tidal wave of long-playing discs devoted to the Negro blues, both new recordings and reissues of old classic performances. The woods and scrublands of the rural South have been combed in the search for authentic workers in the old tradition; new voices have been brought forward, and many an old performer, relegated to the limbo of the forgotten, has been rediscovered by the tireless field researchers and folklorists with their omnipresent tape recorders. Samuel B. Charters, for example, in the years of research for his recent book "The Country Blues," came across and recorded for Folkways such pure blues as Sam "Lightnin' " Hopkins, Memphis Slim, "Furry" Lewis, Cannon's Jug Stompers, and the Memphis Jug Band, and he supervised the reissue of an LP devoted to Blind Willie Johnson and an anthology collection illustrating his book and bearing the same title.

The most ambitious undertaking so far has been the recent formation by Chris Strachwitz of the International Blues Society. Strachwitz, who is one of the most avid blues collectors and discographers in the country and a frequent contributor on the subject to the pages of *The Record Finder* and *Coda*, states that the Society will have as its *raison d'être* the finding and recording of forgotten country blues artists for release on its own label. Not only will artists be recorded afresh, but material originally brought out on small (and now defunct) independent blues labels will be reissued as well. Strachwitz has obtained the rights to the West Coast independents Down Town, Rhythm, Cava Tone, and Jaxyson, in whose catalogues are such fine country artists as brothers Lowell and Martin Fulson, Blind Charlie White, Mercy Dee Walton, Black Diamond (James Butler), and Lightnin' Hopkins's old partner Thunder Smith. In Los Angeles Strachwitz has recorded Texas singer John Hogg, backed by harmonica player Harvey Blackstone, and only recently taped Mississippi blues man K. C. Douglas and his old harp player Sidney Maiden.

The operating expenses of the project —which, as can be imagined, are considerable—are being met through membership fees. An annual membership in the IBS is available at a cost of $12.00, payable to Chris Strachwitz, 17650½ Navajo Trail, Los Gatos, California. This fee entitles the member to three IBS long-play albums (which will be made available commercially at $4.50 each, thus effecting a tidy savings for the member) as well as the periodic research bulletins the Society publishes.

Hard on the heels of Strachwitz's announcement came news that European blues authorities Paul Oliver and Jacques Demetre would be touring the southern United States this summer recording and interviewing country blues men; since the aims of the two projects were so similar, hopes were voiced that they might be joined. Strachwitz's latest IBS news bulletin states that this has been done: the three authorities have pooled resources and hold great expectations for the tour. They intend to contact and, if possible, record such neglected blues artists as Tommy McClennan, Jaybird Coleman, Bo Carter, Dan Picket, Son House, and Leroy Dallas, among others. The recorded results of the joint venture will be released on the IBS label and, contrary to common practice, performers will be paid both a recording fee *and* royalties on disc sales.

JUST what Strachwitz and party are chasing after so zealously is vividly demonstrated in a number of impressive LP releases of the past few months.

"New Orleans Street Singer" (Folkways FA 2476, $5.95) introduces twenty-two-year-old Snooks Eaglin, an impressive blind troubador who has been earning his livelihood for a number of years by singing the blues on the sidewalks of his native city: a modern minstrel in the direct tradition of such roving street singers as Blind Lemon Jefferson, Joe Taggart, and Willie Johnson. Unlike these singers, however, Snooks has garnered most of his material from recordings and the radio, two sources generally considered as being inimical to the process of re-creation so vital to traditional folk song. Annotator Kenneth L. Goldstein rightly points out in his album notes that an investigation into the influence of these two media might well be in order; certainly in Snooks's case, at least, they have inspired performances as valid and moving as any orally circulated piece.

Eaglin has drawn on the recordings of widely varied blues stylists for the fourteen tunes he reworks on this disc, yet despite the stylistic disparity of the original models there is a remarkable homogeneity to the selections; they are all ardent, ingenuous performances marked by a quiet, understated intensity and a carefully controlled emotion. In a number of cases he has breathed life into insipid and overworked lyrics—and without resorting to any false histrionics. As a result of his art, all fourteen are convincing, heartfelt, and earnest performances—moving, direct and meaningful, pulsant with the dateless essence that is the blues.

Eaglin, in addition, plays two instrumental selections: an inspired and purely orchestral version of the old New Orleans warhorse "High Society," complete with the Picou transcription of the piccolo solo, and an original "Sophisticated Blues," which is hardly that! He's a fine guitarist.

A second Folkways disc, "Negro Folk Songs and Tunes" (Folkways FG 3526, $5.95), presents singer and instrumentalist Elizabeth Cotten in a program of eighteen selections. The album has much to recommend it. The disc is a mélange compounded of ragtime guitar pieces, Southern banjo and fiddle tunes, blues, gospel songs, and even a march thrown in for good measure. Rarely have so many elements of the music of the South (and especially of the Southern Negro) been present in the work of one performer. The late Huddie Ledbetter ("Leadbelly") is the only other Negro artist who readily springs to mind in this regard, and the comparison with him is not unjustified.

It is difficult to equate the gentle, wizened grandmother pictured in the notes with the rough, tumultuous, and vigorous instrumental music in the album; the earthy and propulsive blues "Vastopol," for example, is as fine a sample of country blues guitar as any the late Bill Broonzy or Lightnin' Hopkins might wrest from the instrument. She also plays in a dulcet, easy ragtime style on a number of selections, and the light, pulsant syncopations of such pieces as "Wilson Rag" and the two old hymns "Sweet Bye and Bye" and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" are especially delightful. She is complete mistress of her instrument, whether guitar or five-string banjo, which she plays on three country dance tunes.

Her voice is not especially attractive —high-pitched and ragged—yet I found her singing utterly delightful: straightforward and unabashedly naïve. Her performance of her own composition, "Freight Train" (a popular "country and Western" hit of a few years back), is a simple and highly moving one of

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Sam "Lightnin' " Hopkins—"has become a sort of succes d'estime in jazz circles."

compelling warmth and charm, and the same wistful and plaintive qualities are evident in "Goin' Down the Road Feelin' Bad," "I Don't Love Nobody," and "Oh, Babe, It Ain't No Lie."

Ever since his "rediscovery" by Sam Charters, who interviewed him for "The Country Blues" and recorded him for Folkways (FS 3822, $5.95), Sam "Lightnin' " Hopkins has become a sort of *succès d'estime* in jazz circles. Recently dubbed the "Last of the Great Blues Singers" (certainly he deserves the latter part of the epithet), he has become in the short space of six months one of the most recorded of contemporary blues men. As of this writing six LPs of his work have been made available on American labels, and an additional album has been issued in Great Britain ("The Rooster Crowed in England," obtainable only from Agate & Co., Ltd., 77 Charing Cross Road, London W.C. 2, England).

The two most recent offerings, "Lightnin' and the Blues" (Herald 1012, $3.98) and "The Last of the Great Blues Singers" (Time Records 70004, $3.98), further enhance his growing reputation as one of today's foremost exponents of the rough, raw, highly emotive country blues style. Both collections were recorded in the early Fifties when Lightnin' was riding the crest of the "rhythm and blues" craze that had swept the country. He is accompanied on both by the conventional heavy-handed and plodding rhythm section, and he has replaced his acoustic guitar with an amplified one—yet his singing and playing have lost none of the validity, vitality, urgency, and power long associated with the great blues singers of the central Texas "Piney Woods." The two collections are pretty much coextensive, though the Herald disc would seem to have a slight edge as far as content is concerned.

Another performer with both feet planted foursquare in the country blues tradition is Jesse Fuller, who may be heard to best advantage in two recent releases, "Frisco Bound" (Cavalier CVLP-6009, $3.98) and "Blues and Stomps" (Good Time Jazz L-12031, $4.98). A virtual one-man band, Fuller accompanies his rough and husky singing with twelve-string guitar and "fotdella," a pedal-operated bass-like apparatus of his own construction, and punctuates his performances with jabbing harmonica and kazoo choruses (these are held on a harness device he wears around his neck). It's quite a sonic experience with everything going full tilt!

Look for nothing sleek or subtilized here, for Fuller sings and plays the blues much as they must have been heard in their inchoate years: harsh, jagged, irregular, and acidulous, wedding both field cry and ballad. (He's almost an anachronism in our jet age!) Thanks to its more careful editing and its more extensive program, the Cavalier disc is by far the better of the two.

The young blues shouter B. B. King might best be described as a latter-day Jimmy Rushing. His voice, despite its higher pitch, is strongly reminiscent of Rushing's; King himself emphasizes the similarities. The orchestra he has assembled to back him is loose and flexible, patterned after the old Count Basie band. King's third and most recent album, "B. B. King Wails" (Crown CLP 5115, $1.49), is his best to date, mainly because the orchestra has very closely approximated the effortless push of the Count's band. The King group has been improving with each recording; here it is polished and assured, relaxed yet driving, providing an excellent cushion for the exultant shouting of King. His earthy, shrill guitar choruses, rich with semitones, ride over the smooth orchestral foundation like some blues-wailing banshee.

Seven of the ten selections here are among the best blues King has waxed. "Sweet Thing," "The Woman I Love," "We Can't Make It," and "I've Got Papers on You" feature King as his urgent, shouting best—lusty, intense, highly melismatic, relying heavily on his shrill falsetto shout and octave jump, two devices which are most effective. "Time To Say Goodbye" is a Rushing-styled blues-ballad with a ringing, lowdown guitar solo of great power. "Tomorrow Is Another Day" and "Treat Me Right," with its altered, extended blues line more in the Ray Charles idiom, are likewise fine. "The Fool," a blues ballad with a message (". . . Life ain't worth living if you're not giving. I've been a fool too long."), "I Love You So," a mawkish, ambitious ballad, and "Come By Here," with its insistent rhythmic figure, are the least satisfying tunes in an otherwise fine collection. For the price, however, you can't go wrong.

The preceding recordings and, in fact, the whole spate of microgroove which has resulted from the recent resurgence of interest in the country blues and in blues singing generally may serve to bring home at least one significant fact: the old idiom is not dying with the older generation, as many had feared. Indeed, the old tradition is very much alive. Not only have a good number of neglected or obscure blues performers been uncovered in the search for what Fred Ramsey has aptly termed the "elder songsters," but a significant number of young talents have been brought forth to assure the idiom's continuation for some time to come.

—Pete Welding.

Pot Aux Foux

By Daniel G. Hoffman

GERARD de Nerval's ribbon led
A live large lobster. Men, like geese
At their communion hissed, or fled
Made hue, and cried, 'Breach of the peace!'

Enjoined by irate hierarch
He pled *non vult contendere*
'Because,' he said, 'it does not bark
And knows the secrets of the sea.'

They packed Gérard to Dr. Blanche
(Cold-water-cures in a year, or less);
The lobster, after that dimanche
When Gendarme's wife served bouillabaisse,

Lost interest in philosophy.
Now Nerval's hung himself, who'll heed
The lucubrations of the sea
While tides, in bowls, resound, recede?

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK MUSIC

PERFORMERS, TITLES, DATA	REPORT
"Marais and Miranda Go Native": "Queen Bee," "Dust Upon the Roadway," "Ungu Wena Wena," "Boating Chant," "The Crickets," "Mountain Is Far," "Native Minstrel Song," "The Donkey's Lament," "Rooster Chick," "When It Rains," "Animal Cries," "I-Ha-She." Kapp KL-1180, $3.98, or Kapp KS-3180 (Stereo), $4.98.	Supported by an orchestra, chorus, and more than usually complex arrangements, Josef Marais and his wife Miranda return to the site of their first musical conquests: the South African veld. These are not traditional songs at all, but novel, evocative originals inspired by rhythms and snatches of melody from the Dark Continent. The orchestra (an odd conglomeration which includes, among other things, a concertina, marimba, alto flute, bass trombone, wood blocks, and even some ocarinas) contributes mightily to the exotic flavor of the disc with clever imitations of various native instruments, and the singers too, take care to embellish the melodic lines with a series of deft vocal effects. If all this is a bit overwhelming at first (one thinks back wistfully to the simple, naive charm of Marais and Miranda's earlier recordings), it must be admitted that these new settings—for all their complexity—are diverting and effective. It seems hardly necessary to add that the two balladeers sing with all thir accustomed suavity and gusto.
"My Rough and Rowdy Ways": Jimmie Rodgers; "T for Texas," "Mississippi Moon," "In the Jailhouse Now," "My Rough and Rowdy Ways," "The One Rose," "Southern Cannonball," "Travellin' Blue," "Mule Skinner Blues," "Away Out on the Mountain," "Long, Tall Mama Blues," "Peach Picking Time Down in Georgia," "The Women Make a Fool Out of Me," three others. RCA Victor LPM 2112, $3.98.	Jimmie Rodgers, one of America's foremost folk-blues composers and singers, was born in Mississippi in 1897. He was a railroad man—the "singing brakeman" they called him—but when tuberculosis forced him to seek less strenuous work, he brought his country music and his unique yodeling style to the Victor Talking Machine Company. Slowly at first, then with amazing rapidity, his fame spread. The first of his so-called Blues-Yodels, "T for Texas," sold several times over the million mark, and within a year the whole country was singing Jimmie's Southern ballads. Rodgers's fabulous career was cut tragically short by his death in 1933, but America has never forgotten this simple man and the music he loved so dearly. His endearing qualities—his amiability, his charm and homespun warmth—come through beautifully in this interesting album which reissues "Texas" and fifteen other songs, including "The Women Make a Fool Out of Me," recorded just a few days before he died. The sound is remarkably clear, considering the vintage of the original masters, and the disc consequently is a most enjoyable as well as significant piece of musical Americana.
"We Sing of the Sea": The Seafarers Chorus, featuring Eugene Brice: "Whup Jamboree," "Clear the Track," "Lowlands," "Reuben Ranzo," "Paddy West," "Sally Brown," "Boney," "New Bedford Whalers," "Rolling Home," eight others. Elektra EKL 182, $4.98.	Seventeen lusty songs of the sea receive sturdy performances from a small but expert chorus, apparently recruited especially for this recording, and conducted by Milt Okun. Eugene Brice (about whom no information is vouchsafed on the album) is the featured soloist in all but four of the songs: his deep, resonant baritone imparts strength and assurance to his interpretations, but unfortunately not very much in the way of sparkle or real expressiveness. Greater warmth and sensitivity mark the solo efforts of Bob Harter, Ned Wright, and Bob DeCormier. The sonics—usually an Elektra forte—are strangely variable here, and several of the numbers are marred by a constricted, overly distant quality.
"Yugoslav Folk Songs": The Chorus and Orchestra of the "Joza Vlahovic" Cultural Artistic Society of Zagreb; "Thorns," "My Green Rosemary," "Spring Is Coming," "Around the Lake," twelve others. Monitor MF 327, $4.98. "Slovak Folk Songs": Various soloists and ensembles; "Green is the Grass," "The Moonlit Fields," "Gypsy Dance," "Myjava Csardas," "Roaring Mountains," "The Dove Flew Away," twelve others. Artia ALP 138, $4.98. "Moldavian Love Songs": Various soloists, the Moldavian "Doina" Chorus and instrumental ensembles; "My Old Woman Is No Beauty," "The Gift," "My Dear One," "My Love Told Me Not To Dance," "At the Well With My Pitchers," "Don't Stay Away, Young Shepherd," ten others. Monitor MF 328, $4.98.	The steady influx of recordings from Eastern Europe continues apace with a trio of new releases, all of which prove to be colorful and entertaining. The Yugoslavian entry, featuring the excellent chorus of a Zagreb "Cultural Artistic Society," offers music widely divergent in moods and styles, from five of the country's six republics. Some of the songs here are lilting and immediately appealing. Others, however, with unusual scales and harmonies—even touches of polytonality—sound harsh and out of tune, at least until repeated hearings establish a firmer basis for their reception. Easier on our Western ears, but without the vitalizing variety of the Yugoslavian disc, is Artia's new sampling of Slovakian folk music. Here the gypsy and Hungarian influences are uppermost, and we have a succession of tuneful, altogether pleasing songs, most of which have steady and uncomplicated rhythmic patterns. Solos and duets are interspersed with Gypsy-style instrumental numbers, and the whole set is graced with a buoyant, ingratiating lyricism. As the Moiseyev Dance Troupe demonstrated so vividly a couple of seasons back, some of the most vigorous and vivacious music in the Soviet Union is a product of the tiny republic of Moldavia, nestled between Roumania and the Ukraine. Now further proof comes in Monitor's delightful package of "Moldavian Love Songs," a superb complement to the company's previously released set of Moldavian instrumental dances (MF 314). Evincing alternately Russian lyrical influences and a marked gypsy flavor, and enhanced as well by exuberant Roumanian rhythms, these ballads are lovingly performed by top-flight soloists and choral ensembles. The album, in short, is one of rare felicity and charm.
"Folksingers 'Round Harvard Square": Joan Baez, Bill Wood, and Ted Alevizos; "Sail Away Ladies," "Lowlands," "Kitty," "Careless Love," "John Henry," "Bold Soldier," "The Rejected Lover," "Lass from the Low Countree," "Don't Weep After Me," "On the Banks of the Ohio," "Travelling Shoes," seven others. Veritas. LP 1, $5.95.	This introduction to three talented young folksingers also turns out to be a highly diverting program of (mostly) Anglo-American balladry. Nineteen-year-old Joan Baez, who made such a hit at last summer's Newport Folk Festival, offers especially sensitive and winning performances of "On the Banks of the Ohio," "Pretty Little Baby," and "Lowlands," while Ted Alevizos in a dramatic, high tenor presents tender and beautifully molded versions of "Wailie, Wailie," "The Rejected Lover," and a charming (Greek?) ballad identified only as "Astrapsen." Bill Wood, with a less distinctive musical personality, nonetheless sings in an engaging, straightforward manner, and is particularly effective in a pair of duets with Miss Baez. All three performers bring style, warmth, and above all sincerity to their efforts; the results, not surprisingly, are most rewarding.
"Folk Scene, U.S.A.": The Cumberland Three; "Darlin' Corey," "The Risin' Canal," "Come Along Julie," "Molly Dee," "Colorado Trail," "Nine Hundred Miles," "So Long, It's Been Good to Know You," "Bull-Run," four others. Roulette, R 25121, $3.98.	The astounding popular and commercial success of the Kingston Trio has apparently spawned a whole new crop of smoothly sophisticated folksinging groups. Among these may be numbered a dynamic young West Coast combo which has dubbed itself the Cumberland Three. Armed with attractive, sturdy voices, a nice feeling for ensemble, and slick arrangements (not to mention six freshly composed folk-style ballads by their baritone, Johnny Stewart), the threesome gives the Kingston lads a run for their money. A little more variety and scope in their repertoire wouldn't hurt, but judging from this debut disc, the Cumberland Three is off to a strong start.
"The Windjammers"; "Cindy, Oh Cindy," "March of the Vikings," "Ground Hog," "Lili Marlene," "The Roving Kind," "Sailor Man," "Eddystone Light," "Venezuela," "Kari Waits for Me," "Beatnik Bill," "Windjammer," "Nellie Sits a-Waitin'." RCA Victor, LPM 2196, $3.98.	On the nine-month ocean voyage which netted Louis de Rochemont the spectacular film "Windjammer," another bright new singing group was born, in the persons of three Norwegian actor-sailors who began pooling their musical talents in spare shipboard hours. For their first solo album, the threesome—now appropriately dubbed the Windjammers—offers an enjoyable package of folk and almost-folk ballads. Their performances do not have the dynamic tension of the Kingston or even the Cumberland trios discussed above, but their singing withal is most attractive. Their approach is relaxed and easygoing. —Robert Sherman.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Broad Grasp

THE custodian of this department, when asked about his musical taste, is apt to say that he is cursed with catholicity. Blessed might be the better word. In any event, this breadth of response, including a great fondness for the nineteenth century, is not calculated today to make one very popular in choosy circles. New York, for instance, is full of men and women who play recorders and shudder visibly if the musical conversation gets very far from Vivaldi. A good, resounding "Gounod!" in their midst would have them trembling like reeds in a monsoon.

Similarly, in the matter of enjoying jazz there is a general disposition to crawl into one's pigeonhole and view the rest of the world with a baleful, birdlike eye. Just try to convince that man with the beard over there that there is anything worth listening to in the piano mastery of André Previn, or tell that fellow in the bow tie that there is high merit in a number of cornetists whose middle names are not Bismarck. You'll see. Well, a great deal of jazz opinion and criticism has been a humorless, bigoted business, and much of that can be traced to the fact that, despite the increasing identification of jazz players and students with such institutions as the Juilliard, there is a great lack of general musical awareness, let alone immersion, among jazz enthusiasts. I would like to know, for one little indication, how much time jazz commentators spend with music *other than* jazz on their phonographs. It is difficult to imagine a writer waxing maudlin about jazz-musical qualities he is perfectly willing to describe as "soul" if he had ever become familiar with, say, Verdi's Requiem. And who could talk momentously of the "extended form" of Duke Ellington's admirable compositions if he had ever been aware of the structure of, for example, Beethoven's Quartet, Opus 59, No. 1?

But these are melancholy and perhaps unfruitful thoughts. Riverside has issued an excellent gathering of "Early and Rare" jazz collectors' items (Riverside 12-134). The twelve numbers run from Scott Joplin's presumably pre-1920 piano roll of his classic "Maple Leaf Rag" to Turner Parrish's ornate 1933 boogie, "Trenches." On the way, there are other pianistic delights from Cripple Clarence Lofton, Meade Lux Lewis, Jelly Roll Morton, and Fats Waller, and the voices of Ma Rainey,

Jimmy Giuffre — "one of the most original composers in jazz."

Big Bill Broonzy, Blind Lemon Jefferson, and Trixie Smith. There is also stirring early bandsmanship by Fletcher Henderson, Tommy Ladnier, and friends.

Billy Taylor's clean and iridescent piano is heard in another program of originals and such worthy standards as Cole Porter's "At Long Last Love" and Benny Carter and Spencer Williams's "When Lights Are Low" (Atlantic 1329). Taylor is regarded in some sections of the jazz press as a slickster lacking in "funk" or "soul" but it is likely—if I may be permitted a bit of hyperbole—that these voices would entertain the same opinion of Mozart. I think I have made clear in this space before that I am myself ardently devoted to sound "funk" (we may as well work the word while it is still with us—it refers to good earthy feeling), and there is plenty of it in the plucked cello and bass of Sam Jones surrounded by Nat Adderley, cornet, or Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Jimmy Heath, tenor sax; Charles Davis, baritone sax; Bobby Timmons, piano; Keter Betts, bass; and Louis Hayes, drums ("The Soul Society," Riverside 12-324). The numbers are originals, mostly by the bandsmen, and represent the modern jazz combination of fine, trained musicianship with what might be called a Mississippian warmth and flow.

The California clarinetist and saxophonist Jimmy Giuffre is one of the most original composers in jazz, with a strong feeling for the pastoral. Back in 1958 he formed a trio with Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone, and Jim Hall, guitar, which was conspicuous and fascinating for its lack of an orthodox rhythm section; the function of that group was taken over by the polyphonic interplay of the three men themselves. They make fastidious music, charged with feeling withal, and I think their delicate elaboration of "Topsy," by Edward Durham and Edgar Battle, and of Thelonious Monk's "Blue Monk" is more effective than Giuffre's own "Western Suite," where the niceties of the writing and improvising do not prevent me from being disturbed by reminiscences of some of the cornier "Indian" atmospheres in American music. The shades of Edward McDowell, let alone Victor Herbert, will be distinctly uneasy. But I would not wish to be without the other side of the wax (Atlantic 1330).

I have saved until the last the best new record to cross my turntable this month. The pianist-composer Thelonious Monk returns with his quartet, including Charlie Rouse, tenor sax, John Orr, bass, and Billy Higgins, drums, and to them adds Joe Gordon, trumpet, and Harold Land, tenor sax. The numbers include new and old Monkery, played up to the vigorous, eccentric hilt. Thelonious, for the benefit of those who may never have heard him, has carried to remarkable and infectious heights the jazz possibilities of dialogue between piano and orchestra. He is a master (Riverside 12-323). —WILDER HOBSON.

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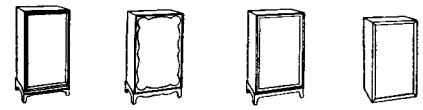

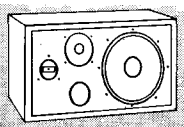

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Spoleto, 1960

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

HANS WERNER HENZE's new opera, "The Prince of Hamburg," which was given its first performances outside Germany at this year's Festival of Two Worlds in Spoleto, is a difficult work. But Henze's stature as a composer is affirmed by the fact that the Spoleto performances were engrossing despite an uneven score, an imperfect production, and a cool public. In his third opera the composer flirts neither with conventionality nor with the easy dramatic effect, and for this reason he courts the musical intellectual rather than the masses. The Teatro Nuovo was half empty at the first repetition of "The Prince."

Henze's cause was not helped by his choice of libretto or by the physical production. The opera, based on Kleist's classic play of 1811, was perhaps doomed from the start by the non-operatic qualities of this Germanic, strictly philosophical drama. The plot deals with a prince, more dreamer than militarist, who eventually finds his salvation in recognition of the balance between law and freedom. The action is intentionally limited so that the listener may concentrate on the emotional conflicts within the hero. But the Hamburg Staatsoper's production (of the premiere in May) which was brought to Spoleto, leaves the Prince's plight an unconvincing one.

Alfred Siercke's sparse sets and costumes disclose many of the drawbacks of postwar German abstract décor, but few of the advantages. The scenery is visually ungainly, and the departure from realism only a compromise. The staging of film director Helmut Kaeutner is frequently awkward in its semi-stylization and is equally antidramatic. Only the battle scene, with scattered lightning flashes illuminating figures behind a cloudy screen, indicated unusual imagination.

The singers maintained adequacy where inspiration would have been in order. The leading roles call for artists capable of sustaining a frequently florid vocal line in a high tessitura. Vladimir Ruzdak's baritone was equal to the vocal requirements of the title role, but he lacked the necessary sensitivity of acting and inflection to make the Prince a sympathetic character. Liselotte Foelser was only slightly more effective in the feminine lead, and Helmut Melchert as the Elector of Brandenburg produced more of the prescribed heldentenor sound than the appropriate noble bearing. With Henze himself as conductor the Trieste Philharmonic coped amazingly well with the unfamiliar work.

Upon first hearing, one is most impressed with the expansive lyricism of the love scene and the big ensembles. The complex formal designs, as in "Wozzeck," provide analytical interest but limited esthetic pleasure to one not intimately acquainted with the score. Harmonically there is much atonality and a little twelvetonality; but only seldom does one feel that the composer is following a system at the expense of expression.

Spoleto's other operatic offering was "La Bohème" as staged by the festival's director, Gian-Carlo Menotti. A beautifully prepared performance, conducted by Thomas Schippers, went far in bringing vitality to a work encumbered with sloppiness and convention. "La Bohème" makes sense in Menotti's version; Mimi is a really sick girl, not a coughing prima donna, and the four Bohemians are genuinely spirited and youthful. The period is set ahead to the time of Puccini's youth, and the atmosphere of the 1890s is appropriate to the music. The appearance of Spoleto natives as supers gives the crowd scenes a delightful touch of reality. There are still a few points that might be improved. Musetta, for instance, remains a stereotyped soubrette most of the time, and the onlookers at the Café Momus behave like almost any other operatic chorus. Outstanding in the generally competent cast was young Mietta Sighele as Mimi, a true lirico spinto. Lila de Nobili's spacious sets were traditional, and perhaps more successful than those for her overly elaborate production of "Carmen" in Paris.

The most surprising success of the Spoleto season has been a series of informal concerts presented daily at noon at the old Teatro Melisso. These events are supervised by pianist Charles Wadsworth, whose imaginative program one recent Sunday included Haydn played by the Kroll Quartet, a Respighi cantata, and a Mendelssohn trio with Schippers at the piano. It was a typically lively afternoon, appreciated by a large delegation of enthusiastic *Spoletini* as well as an unusually discerning tourist audience.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

FOR A COMPLETE "D.G."

FOREVER INDEBTED for a complete "Nozze," this Mozartean makes a plea for truly complete versions of "Don Giovanni" and "Così" by the companies planning to release them in the near future. To ask the same for "Entführung," "Zauberflöte," and "Idomeneo" is, I assume, too much to hope for!

GEORGE F. SMOLINSKI.

Dayton, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *RCA Victor has just such a "Don Giovanni" pending, with Birgit Nilsson, Leontyne Price, Cesare Siepi, and Cesare Valletti.*

MORE ON DUO-POULENC

REGARDING Robert A. Cullin's wish in the May 28 issue of *SR* for Poulenc's Concerto in D minor for Two Pianos, it is available in a superb recording on French Columbia FCX 677 played by Poulenc and Jacques Février with the Conservatoire Orchestra under Dervaux. It is coupled with the equally delightful "Concert Champêtre" for harpsichord and orchestra with Aimée van de Weile as soloist. So far as I know, the "Concert Champêtre" has been heard in America only in the 1947 performance by Landowska and the New York Philharmonic under Stokowski.

HARRY L. HORNBACK.

Paris, France

TEXTS, NOTES, LINERS, ETC.

MANY THANKS for your discussion "Notes, Texts, and Liners" [*SR* June 11]. You have expressed so much of my own disgruntlement on this point.

To me, the most exasperating sin of all is the failure of the manufacturers to include full texts and translations of all recorded vocal material. In the instance of operatic excerpts it is a bother to have to dig out the libretti, perhaps eight or ten of them, to listen intelligently to an LP of arias. And so often one does not have the libretti of some of the uncommon material.

As for what might be lumped together as "art songs," do the record people suppose that every purchaser will have available the complete vocal output of Schubert, Brahms, Debussy, Fauré, Scarlatti, Sarti, Falla, and Obradors, not to mention Moussorgsky and Dargomyzhsky?

Angel has been consistently the best in this, but I recently acquired Fischer-Dieskau's Schubert Songs (35624), which was lined with the usual paraphrase but included no booklet of texts. With London, Victor, and Columbia, it appears to be a sometime thing.

Why doesn't Philip L. Miller, or somebody, edit a collection of texts for the frustrated record collector?

RICHARD SUTER.

Parkersburg, W. Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Good idea, if P. L. Miller is amenable.*

NOTE ON GUILLEAUME

YOUR READER who asks about Margot Guilleaume [*SR*, June 25] will be happy to know that, aside from some Buxtehude cantatas issued by Vox in 1952, Miss Guilleaume has participated in several beautiful recordings in the German Archive series, among which my favorites are the German Arias of Handel, Pergolesi's Stabat Mater, and two pieces by the sixteenth-century Spaniard Diego Ortiz.

I know of no current singer who sings so appealingly as M.G., except, of course, Victoria de los Angeles.

RODERICK S. QUIROZ.

Arlington, Va.

MGM CUTOUTS

ROBERT BLAKE'S letter in the June 25 issue of *SR* on "Cancelled Contemporaries" has cleared up an eight-month mystery. A local record store has been offering a large stock of MGM records at 98 cents and $1.98 (depending on whether or not it's having a sale) and I could never find out from the clerks why they were selling such choice

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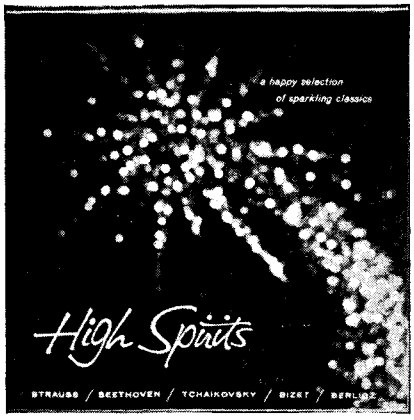

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items at such bargain prices. Although the stock is now almost completely gone, there are still a few records available that are worth having: an excellent recording of "Pierrot Lunaire," Copland's "Music for the Movies" (1942), Kurt Weill's "Music for the Stage" (1935-50), works by Peggy Glanville-Hicks, Carlos Surinach, Carlos Chavez, and other contemporary composers, plus a few works of Mozart, Liszt (organ works), Dvorak, etc.

While the situation provided me with an opportunity to buy a great deal of music at a ridiculous price, the fact that the records are no longer in print is almost enough to make one want to start a "bootleg" record company to reissue them.

James H. Helms,
Music Librarian,
Station KTTV.

Los Angeles, Calif.

POLICIES AND PRODUCTS

An article by Alexander Janta in the June 18 issue of *SR* reports that Gian-Carlo Menotti "once said that the average American has little or no respect for the creative artist and is apt to consider him an almost useless member of the community."

It has seemed to me for a long time that recording companies, and to some extent your correspondents, have this general attitude.

Every day a recording of one of a few great compositions is issued with a different orchestra, conductor, or soloist. Of course, this fits in with the "planned obsolescence" policy of the times, and no doubt there are some trained musicians who are sincerely interested in, and can appreciate, different "readings" of a severely limited number of great musical works. However, this policy results in complete neglect of many other pieces of music by the great masters and of all of the works of "lesser" (and unfashionable) composers who have much to offer.

In the jazz field (in which I have little interest) it appears that neither the composer nor the music itself has any importance whatever, since the improvising performer makes "Onward, Christian Soldiers" indistinguishable from the latest rock-'n'-roll piece.

E. D. Williams.

New York, N. Y.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 4, 3, 1, 13, 9, 2, 12, 8, 7, 6, 11, 14, 10.

The titles are (Column One): 1. "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer." 2. Sonnet—To Science. 3. Holy Sonnet X. 4. Sonnet XLIII (from the Portuguese). 5. "Shakespeare." 6. "Loving in Truth." 7. "Ozymandias." 8. Sonnet CXVI. 9. "When I Consider How My Light Is Spent." 10. "The World Is Too Much With Us." 11. Sonnet LXXV (from "Amoretti"). 12. "Remember." 13. Sonnets on "Divina Commedia." 14. "In the Valley of Cauteretz."

India

Continued from page 11

could have all the comforts of life and still be insecure, that he could have social approval and still be desperately afraid, that he could have extensive knowledge and still lack wisdom, that he could have formal education and still lack enlightenment. As modern advertising becomes more powerful, our desires are constantly being stimulated; thus we are subject today to hidden persuaders which govern our choices not only in business and industry, but also in politics.

Buddha, like Jesus, taught the importance of compassion. He believed in complete equality; the rich and the poor, the wise and the foolish were all subject to the tragic sense of life. To him ethics, not metaphysics, was the most important subject. The great teacher, according to Buddha, was not one who was the scholar and who was full of theological subtleties; rather he was a model who overcame ignorance and desire, who realized that all life was a state of flux and that man had to be his own master. Buddha was certain that there could be no revelation and no dogma; truth was an unending process. Faith was not a substitute for action.

Nonviolence, to Buddha, was a fundamental part of religion and education. It meant respect for all; it implied the avoidance of all hatred and antagonism. It implied that the distance between human beings was relative, not absolute, and that a sense of sympathy had to be cultivated.

BUDDHA was extremely modern, for the great teacher is one who has an abundance of sympathy. He identifies himself with others, with perennial ideas, and with real wisdom. Students know at once the teacher who is sympathetic and warm and they reject the instructor who is cold and condescending. Without a sense of compassion, so eloquently expressed by Buddha, education is only a form of classification and leads to the imitation of the past. In this way it contributes to the cultural lag and creates inadequate human relations. When we are truly compassionate we forget about our own egos and we see ourselves in our students. The truly constructive teacher is concerned not so much about his own achievements, but about his impact upon society and his students. Knowledge, to be fertile, has to radiate; it has to effect what Toynbee called a state of etherealization —a state of qualitative simplification through which new insights are achieved.

Buddha realized that the real conflict in life and education is one of values. Modern psychiatry, especially through Jung and Frankl, has rediscovered this principle. What really causes neuroses? Why are we tormented? The answer of Jung and Frankl, as well as of existential psychiatrists, is that we lack meaning and significance.

The impact of Buddha upon the great teachers of mankind can scarcely be estimated. Gandhi admired him because of his simplicity and universality and his emphasis on nonviolence. Schweitzer saw him as an apostle of the idea of reverence for life. Tagore saw in Buddha a link between Eastern and Western culture. The enlightenment which Buddha sought to achieve, without supernaturalism, has continued to challenge the imagination of the wisest of modern thinkers, from Karl Jaspers to the late Albert Camus.

WHAT are the lasting lessons of Buddhistic wisdom for our time? As we understand its implications, we become more universal in our concepts. We begin to understand that there cannot be one system of education or one truth for all. We become more detached about our own time. We begin to realize that theory is verified by action. The challenge is to exemplify our ideas, not merely to be interested in abstraction.

The weakness of Buddha was too much pessimism. To him human existence was evil. As teachers we cannot adopt this perspective. We are compelled to be optimists and to affirm the significance of human existence. To us the goal of life is not Nirvana, the elimination of individuality, but a more conscious and deliberate realization of the possibilities of individuality.

"Be ye a refuge unto yourself" were the last words of Buddha. This meant that man was not to rely on institutions or creeds. There was no magic path and no infallible formula. No prophet could give certainty to man. All the wise teachers of humanity have had essentially the same viewpoint, for they believed that knowledge was not an external process, that teaching was not a communication of inert ideas, but an awakening of latent capacities in the mind and heart of the student.

To become truly detached in a Buddhistic sense is one of the perennial aims of education. This does not imply mere objectivity; it certainly does not stand for moral neutrality; it is not a symbol of cowardice. What is implied by detachment is the ability to look beyond today, to develop a lasting perspective, to see history under the aspect of totality. It means overcoming the idol of egocentricity and living for a larger cause.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1375

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

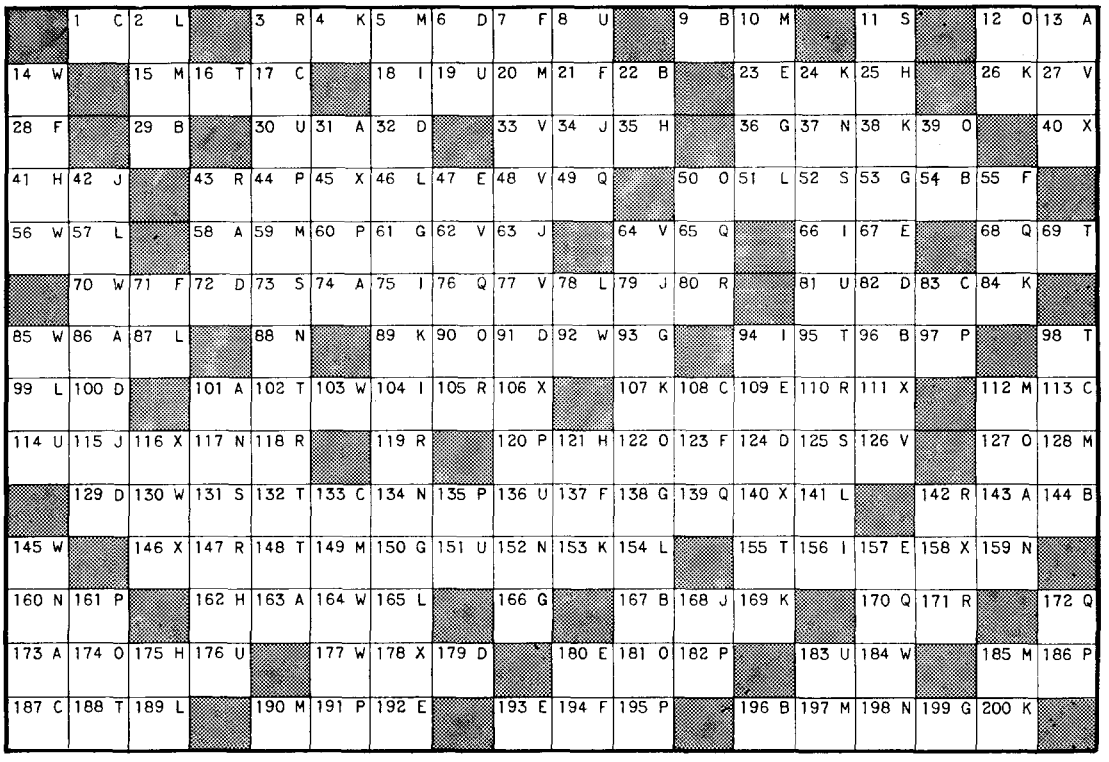
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Scene of Caesar's decisive defeat of Pompey, 48 B.C.	58 163 13 143 74 173 101 86 31
B. Biblical land of Cush, now independent country of E. Africa.	54 196 22 9 96 167 29 144
C. Eradicate (2 wds.)	133 1 83 17 113 187 108
D. American water bird (*Erismatura jamaicensis rubida;* 2 wds.)	82 91 6 179 100 72 129 124 32
E. With appearance and manner of a young person. (Scot.)	67 109 157 23 193 47 180 192
F. Assisting memory.	28 71 194 55 7 137 123 21
G. Habituated, usually in a bad sense.	199 53 138 166 61 36 150 93
H. Hard and round.	175 41 121 35 162 25
I. Astronomer's phrase equivalent to "of an hour" (2 wds.).	156 94 18 104 66 75
J. Death by drowning, esp. of many persons at once.	79 34 42 168 63 115
K. Characterless (comp.).	84 4 153 26 169 89 38 107 24 200
L. The second place to "ask it", acc'g to Isaiah (3 wds.).	78 46 154 2 165 99 57 51 141 189 87

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. One of the U.S. Nat'l Monuments (Nebraska; 2 wds.).	5 149 197 185 190 112 15 59 20 10 128
N. Put in the minutiae (3 wds.).	198 117 159 160 37 152 88 134
O. No longer accepted or approved.	127 174 39 12 90 122 181 50
P. Followed by Word Q, administrative HQ of Yellowstone Nat'l Park (2 wds.).	120 60 97 195 161 182 191 44 186 135
Q. See Word P.	68 172 76 139 65 49 170
R. A divorcee, or woman whose husband is temporarily away (2 wds.).	80 110 119 105 43 118 147 142 171 3
S. A Frenchman's "Adios."	52 131 11 73 125
T. Re-estimate.	95 132 102 155 188 69 16 148 98
U. Largest river of Netherlands New Guinea, navigable by large vessels for 100 miles.	183 30 8 81 176 151 136 114 19
V. Make poisonous.	62 48 77 27 33 64 126
W. A *knobby-surfaced cloth* (2 wds.).	130 70 56 85 92 14 145 164 177 103 184
X. Peninsula in the Inner Hebrides, with great lighthouse on its point (2 wds.).	40 116 111 158 106 45 140 178 146

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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